THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Booker T. Washington and the Negro

By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

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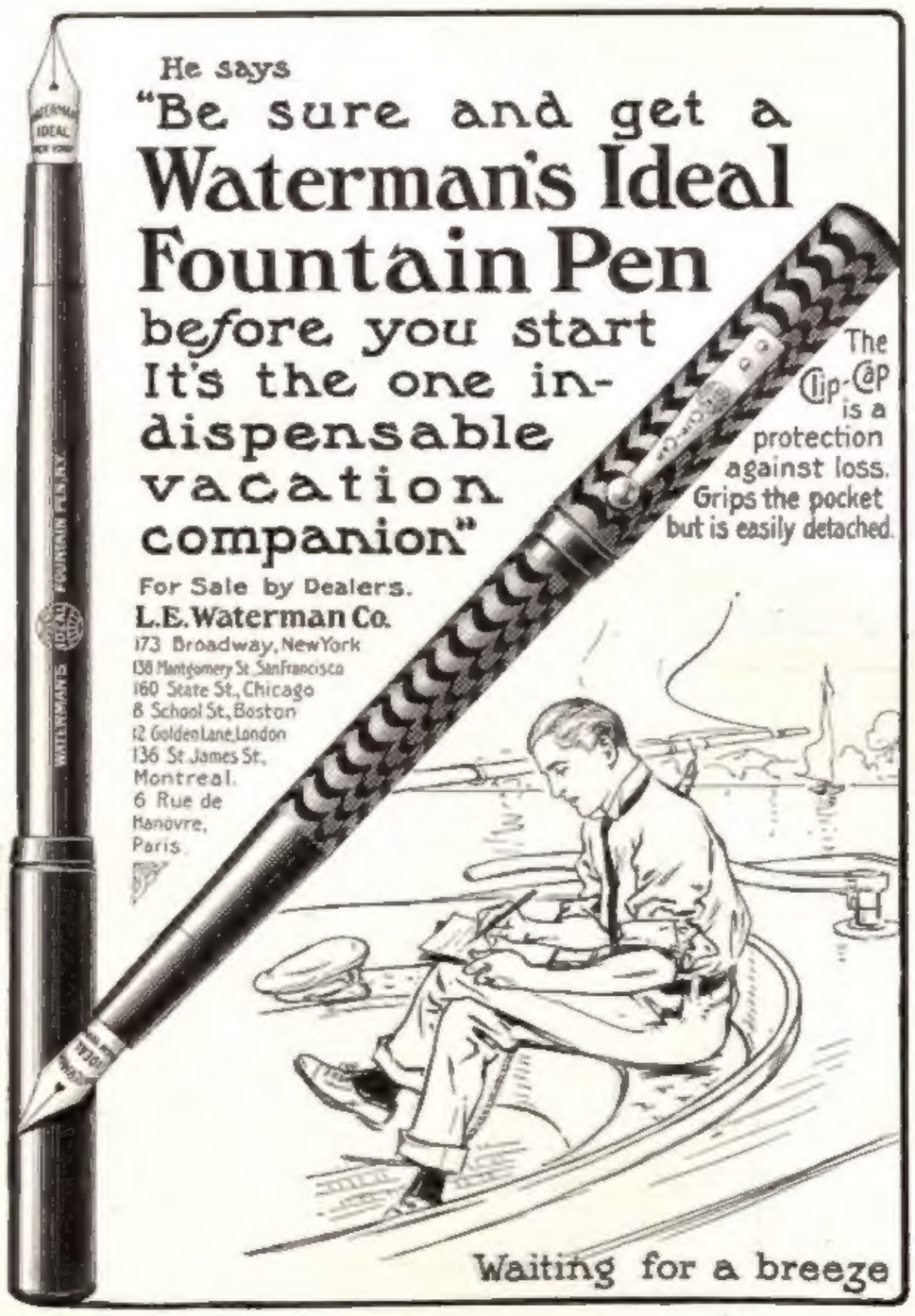
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Booker T. Washington and the Negro

By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Author of The Leopard's Spots

Some Dangerous Aspects of the Work of Tuskegee

FOR Mr. Booker T. Washington as a man and leader of his race I have always had the warmest admiration. His life is a romance which appeals to the heart of universal humanity. The story of a little ragged, barefooted piccaninny who lifted his eyes from a cabin in the hills of Virginia, saw a vision and followed it, until at last he presides over the richest and most powerful institution of learning in the South, and sits down with crowned heads and Presidents, has no parallel even in the Tales of the Arabian Nights.

The spirit of the man, too, has always impressed me with its breadth, generosity and wisdom. The aim of his work is noble and inspiring. As I understand it from his own words, it is "to make Negroes producers, lovers of labor, honest, independent, good." His plan for doing this is to lead the Negro to the goal through the development of solid character, intelligent industry and material acquisition.

Only a fool or a knave can find fault with such an ideal. It rests squarely on the eternal verities. And yet it will not solve the Negro problem nor bring us within sight of its solution. Upon the other hand, it will only intensify that problem's dangerous features, complicate and make more difficult its ultimate settlement.

It is this tragic fact to which I am trying to call the attention of the nation.

I have for the Negro race only pity and sympathy, though every large convention of Negroes since the appearance of my first historical novel on the race problem has gone out of its way to denounce me and declare my books caricatures and libels on their people. Their mistake is a natural one. My books are hard reading for a Negro, and yet the Negroes, in denouncing them, are unwittingly denouncing one of their best friends.

I have been intimately associated with Negroes since the morning of my birth during the Civil War. My household servants are all Negroes. I took them to Boston with me, moved them to New York, and they now have entire charge of my Virginia home. The first row I ever had on the Negro problem was when I moved to Boston from the South to take charge of a fashionable church at the Hub. I attempted to import my baby's Negro nurse into a Boston hotel. The proprietor informed me that no "coon" could occupy a room in his house in any capacity, either as guest or servant. I gave him a piece of my mind and left within an hour.

As a friend of the Negro race I claim that he should have the opportunity for the highest, noblest and freest development of his full, rounded manhood. He has never had this opportunity in America, either North or South, and he never can have it. The forces against him are overwhelming.

My books are simply merciless records of conditions as they exist, conditions that can have but one ending if they are not honestly and fearlessly faced. The Civil War abolished chattel slavery. It did not settle the Negro problem. It settled the Union question and created the Negro problem. Frederic Harrison, the English philosopher, declared that the one great shadow which clouds the future of the American Republic is the approaching tragedy of the irreconcilable conflict between the Negro and White Man in the development of our society. Mr. James Bryce recently made a similar statement.

The Argument of the Ostrich Man

IF ALLOWED to remain here the Negro race in the United States will number 60,000,000 at the end of this century by their present rate of increase. Think of what this means for a moment and you face the gravest problem which ever puzzled the brain of statesman or philosopher. No such problem ever before confronted the white man in his recorded history. It cannot be whistled down by opportunists, politicians, weak-minded optimists or female men. It must be squarely met and fought to a finish.

Several classes of people at present obstruct any serious consideration of this question—the pot-house politician, the ostrich man, the pooh-pooh man, and the benevolent old maid. The politician is still busy over the black man's vote in doubtful States. The pooh-pooh man needs no definition—he was born a fool. The benevolent old maid contributes every time the hat is passed and is pretty sure to do as much harm as good in the long run to any cause. The ostrich man is the funniest of all this group of obstructionists, for he is a man of brains and capacity.

I have a friend of this kind in New York. He got after me the other day somewhat in this fashion:

"What do you want to keep agitating this infernal question for? There's no danger in it unless you stir it. Let it alone. I grant you that the Negro race is a poor, worthless parasite, whose criminal and animal instincts threaten society. But the Negro is here to stay. We must train him. It is the only thing we can do. So what's the use to waste your breath?"

"But what about the future when you have educated the Negro?" I asked timidly.

"Let the future take care of itself!" the ostrich man snorted. "We live in the present. What's the use to worry about Hell? If I can scramble through this world successfully I'll take my chances with the Hell problem!"

My friend forgets that this was precisely the line of argument of our fathers over the question of Negro slavery. When the constructive statesmen of Virginia (called pessimists and infidels in their day) foresaw the coming baptism of fire and blood ('61 to '65) over the Negro slave, they attempted to destroy the slave trade and abolish slavery. My friend can find his very words in the answers of their opponents. "Let the future take care of itself! The slaves are here and here to stay. Greater evils await their freedom. We need their labor. Let the question alone. There is no danger in it unless you stir it."

The truth which is gradually forcing itself upon thoughtful students of our national life is that no scheme of education or religion can solve the race problem, and that Mr. Booker T. Washington's plan, however high and noble, can only intensify its difficulties.

This conviction is based on a few big fundamental facts, which no pooh-poohing, ostrich-dodging, weak-minded philanthropy or political rant can obscure.

The first one is that no amount of education of any kind, industrial, classical or religious, can make a Negro a white man or bridge the chasm of the centuries which separate him from the white man in the evolution of human civilization.

Expressed even in the most brutal terms of Anglo-Saxon superiority there is here an irreducible fact. It is possibly true, as the Negro, Professor Kelly Miller, claims, that the Anglo-Saxon is "the most arrogant and rapacious, the most exclusive and intolerant race in history." Even so, what answer can be given to his cold-blooded proposition: "Can you change the color of the Negro's skin, the kink of his hair, the bulge of his lip or the beat of his heart with a spelling-book or a machine?"

What Abraham Lincoln Said

NO MAN has expressed this idea more clearly than Abraham Lincoln when he said: *"There is a physical difference between the white and black races which, I believe, will forever forbid them living together on terms of social and political equality."*

Whence this physical difference? Its secret lies in the gulf of thousands of years of inherited progress which separates the child of the Aryan from the child of the African.

Buckle in his History of Civilization says: "The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good. The discoveries of genius alone remain: it is to them we owe all that we now have; they are for all ages and for all times; never young and never old, they bear the seeds of their own lives; they are essentially cumulative."

Judged by this supreme test, what contribution to human progress have the millions of Africans who inhabit this planet made during the past four thousand years? Absolutely nothing. And yet, Mr. Booker T. Washington in a recent burst of eloquence over his educational work boldly declares:

"The Negro race has developed more rapidly in the thirty years of its freedom than the Latin race has in one thousand years of freedom."

Think for a moment of the pitiful puerility of this statement falling from the lips of the greatest and wisest leader the Negro race has yet produced!

Italy is the mother of genius, the inspiration of the ages, the creator of architecture, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, law, science, philosophy, finance, church organization, sculpture, music, painting and literature, and yet the American Negro in thirty years has outstripped her thousands of years of priceless achievement!

Education is the development of that which is. The Negro has held the Continent of Africa since the dawn of history, crunching acres of diamonds beneath his feet. Yet he never picked one up from the dust until a white man showed to him its light. His land swarmed with powerful and docile animals, yet he never built a harness, cart or sled. A hunter by necessity, he never made an ax, spear or arrowhead worth

preserving beyond the moment of its use. In a land of stone and timber, he never carved a block, sawed a foot of lumber or built a house save of broken sticks and mud, and for four thousand years he gazed upon the sea yet never dreamed a sail.

Who is the greatest Negro that ever lived according to Mr. Booker T. Washington? Through all his books he speaks this man's name with bated breath and uncovered head—"Frederick Douglass of sainted memory!" And what did Saint Frederick do? Spent a life in bombastic vituperation of the men whose genius created the American Republic, wore himself out finally drawing his salary as a Federal office-holder, and at last achieved the climax of Negro sainthood by marrying a white woman!

What Education Cannot Do

SAYS the author of Napoleon, Honorable Thomas E. Watson: "Education is a good thing, but it never did and never will alter the essential character of any man or race of men."

I repeat, education is the development of that which *is*. Behold the man whom the rags of slavery once concealed—nine millions strong! This creature, with a racial record of four thousand years of incapacity, half-child, half-animal, the sport of impulse, whim and conceit, pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw, a being who, left to his will, roams at night and sleeps in the day, whose native tongue has framed no word of love, whose passions once aroused are as the tiger's—equality is the law of our life!—when he is educated and ceases to fill his useful sphere as servant and peasant, what are you going to do with him?

The second big fact which confronts the thoughtful, patriotic American is that the greatest calamity which could possibly befall this Republic would be the corruption of our national character by the assimilation of the Negro race. I have never seen a white man of any brains who disputes this fact. I have never seen a Negro of any capacity who did not deny it.

One thought I would burn into the soul of every young American (and who thinks of a Negro when he says "American?")—this: Our Republic is great not by reason of the amount of dirt we possess, or the size of our census roll, but because of the genius of the race of pioneer white freemen who settled this continent, dared the might of kings, and blazed the way through our wilderness for the trembling feet of liberty.

A distinguished Negro college professor recently expressed himself as to the future American in one of our great periodicals as follows:

"All race prejudice will be eradicated. Physically, the new race will be much the stronger. It will be endowed with a higher intelligence and clearer conception of God than the whites of the West have ever had. It will be much less material than the American white of to-day. It will be especially concerned with the things of the mind, and moral excellence will become the dominant factor in the life of the new nation. The new race is to gain more from the Black element than from the White."

We have here an accurate statement of the passionate faith of ninety-nine Negroes out of every hundred. Professor Du Bois, author of The Souls of Black Folk, undoubtedly believes this. His book is a remarkable contribution to the literature of our race problem. In it for the first time we see the naked soul of a Negro beating itself to death against the bars in which Aryan society has caged him! No white man with a soul can read this book without a tear. Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt, the Negro novelist, believes in amalgamation, for he told me so. Professor Kelly Miller, the distinguished Negro teacher of Washington, believes it. In a recent article he declares:

"It is, of course, impossible to conceive of two races occupying the same area, speaking the same language, worshiping according to the same ritual, and endowed with the same political and civil privileges without ultimately fusing. Social equality is not an individual matter, as many contend, but is rigorously under the control of public sentiment."

I commend the solid logic of these sentences from a thoughtful Negro to the illustrious Society of Pooh-Poohs.

What is the attitude of Mr. Booker T. Washington on this vital issue? You will search his books and listen to his lectures in vain for any direct answer. Why? Because, if he dared to say what he really in his soul of souls believes, it would end his great career, both North and South. In no other way has he shown his talent as an organizer and leader of his people with such consummate skill as in the dexterity with which he has for twenty years dodged this issue, holding steadily the good-will of the Southern white man and the Northern philanthropist. He is the greatest diplomat his race has ever produced.

Yet he who reads between the lines of his written and spoken words will find the same purpose and the same faith which his more blunt and fearless brethren have honestly and boldly proclaimed. He shows this in his worship of Frederick Douglass. In his book, The Future of the American Negro, we find this careful sentence:

"To state in detail just what place the black man will occupy in the South as a citizen when he has developed in the direction named is beyond the wisdom of any one."

Yet on page 69 he says:

"The surest way for the Negro to reach the highest positions is to prepare himself to fill well at the present the basic occupations"—independent industries, of course—for, mark you, "*Tuskegee Institute is not a servant-training school!*"

Again on pages 83 and 85 we are told: "There is an unmistakable influence that comes over a white man when he sees a black man living in a two-story brick house that has been paid for. I need not stop to explain. Just in so far as we can place rich Negroes in the South who can loan money to white men, this race question will disappear."

Why?

The conclusion is obvious: The Negro who holds a mortgage on a white man's house will ultimately demand and receive social recognition from him.

On page 66 of his Future of the American Negro he says: "The Jew, who was once in about the same position as the Negro is to-day, has now recognition because he has entwined himself about America in a business and industrial way."

Again his conclusion is obvious. The absurdity of the comparison, however, is the important point in this sentence, not only for the pathetic ignorance of history it displays but for the revelation of the writer's secret hopes and dreams.

The Jew has not been assimilated into our civil and social life because of his money—but for a very different reason. The Jew belongs to our race, the same great division of humanity. The Semitic group of the white race is, all in all, the greatest evolved in history. Their children have ever led the vanguard of human progress and achievements. A great historian and philosopher once said: "Show me a man of transcendent genius at any period of the world's history and I'll show you a man with Hebrew blood in his veins." Our prejudice against the Jew is not because of his inferiority, but because of his genius. We are afraid of him, we Gentiles who meet him in the arena of life, get licked and then make faces at him. The truth is the Jew had achieved a noble civilization—had his poets, prophets, priests and kings—when our Germanic ancestors were still in the woods cracking cocoanuts and hickory-nuts with monkeys. We have assimilated the Jew because his daughter is beautiful and his son strong in mind and body!

The Danger of a Nation Within a Nation

THE trouble with Mr. Booker T. Washington's work is that he is silently preparing us for the future heaven of Amalgamation—*or he is doing something equally dangerous*, namely, he is attempting to build a nation inside a nation of two hostile races. In this event he is storing dynamite beneath the pathway of our children—the end at last can only be in bloodshed.

Mr. Washington is not training Negroes to take their place in any industrial system of the South in which the white man can direct or control him. He is not training his students to be servants and come at the beck and call of any man. He is training them *all* to be masters of men, to be independent, to own and operate their own industries, plant their own fields, buy and sell their own goods, and in every shape and form destroy the last vestige of dependence on the white man for anything.

I do not say this is not laudable—I do not say that it is not noble. I only ask what will be its end for the Negro when the work is perfect? Every pupil who passes through Mr. Washington's hands ceases forever to work under a white man. Not only so, but he goes forth trained as an evangelist to preach the doctrine of separation and independence.

The Negro remains on this Continent for one reason only. The Southern white man has needed his labor, and therefore has fought every suggestion of his removal. But when he refuses longer to work for the white man, then what?

Mr. Booker T. Washington says on page 65 of his book: "The Negro must live for all time beside the Southern white man."

On what sort of terms are they to live together? As banker and borrower? Hardly, if the Negro is the banker. Even now, with the white man still hugging the hoary delusion that he can't get along without the Negro, he is being forced to look to the Old World for labor. The simple truth is, the South will lag behind the world industrially in just so far as she depends on Negro labor. The idea that a white man cannot work in the fields of the South is exploded. Only one-third of the cotton crop is to-day raised by Negro labor. Even now the relations of the races, with the Negro an integral part of the white man's industrial scheme, become more and more difficult.

A Gulf that Grows Wide

PROFESSOR KELLY MILLER says: "It is a matter of common observation that the races are growing further and further apart."

Mr. Washington says on this point: "For the sake of the Negro and the Southern white man there are many things in the relations of the two races that must soon be changed" (page 65). The point I raise is that education necessarily drives the races further and further apart, and Mr. Washington's brand of education makes the gulf between them if anything a little deeper. If there is one thing a Southern white man cannot endure it is an educated Negro. What's to be the end of it if the two races are to live forever side by side in the South?

Mr. Washington says: "Give the black man so much skill and brains that he can cut oats like the white man—then he can compete with him."

And then the real tragedy will begin. Does any sane man believe that when the Negro ceases to work under the direction of the Southern white man, this "arrogant," "rapacious" and "intolerant" race will allow the Negro to master his industrial system, take the bread from his mouth, crowd him to the wall and place a mortgage on his house? Competition is war—the most fierce and brutal of all its forms. Could fatuity reach a sublimer height than the idea that the white man will stand idly by and see this performance? What will he do when put to the test? He will do exactly what his white neighbor in the North does when the Negro threatens his bread—kill him!

Abraham Lincoln foresaw this tragedy when he wrote his Emancipation Proclamation, and he asked Congress for an appropriation of a billion dollars to colonize the whole Negro race. He never believed it possible to assimilate the Negro into our national life. This nation will yet come back to Lincoln's plan, still so eloquently advocated by the Negro Bishop, Henry M. Turner.

It is curious how the baldheaded assertion of a lie can be repeated and repeated until millions of sane people will accept the bare assertion as an established fact. At the close of the War, Mr. Lincoln, brooding over the insoluble problem of the Negro's future which his proclamation had created, asked General Benjamin F. Butler to devise and report to him immediately a plan to colonize the Negroes. General Butler, naturally hostile to the idea, made at once his famous, false and facetious report, "that ships could not be found to carry the Negro babies to Africa as fast as they are born!" The President was assassinated a few days later. This lie is now forty odd years old, and Mr. Booker T. Washington actually repeats it as a verbal inspiration though entirely unconscious of its historic origin.

We have spent about $800,000,000 on Negro education since the War. One-half of this sum would have been sufficient to have made Liberia a rich and powerful Negro state. Liberia is capable of supporting every Negro in America. Why not face this question squarely? We are temporizing and playing with it. All our educational schemes are compromises and temporary makeshifts. Mr. Booker T. Washington's work is one of noble aims. A branch of it should be immediately established in Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. A gift of ten millions would do this, and establish a colony of half a million Negroes within two years. They could lay the foundations of a free black republic which within twenty-five years would solve our race problem on the only rational basis within human power. Colonization is not a failure. It has never been tried.

We owe this to the Negro. At present we are deceiving him and allowing him to deceive himself. He hopes and dreams of amalgamation, forgetting that self-preservation is the first law of Nature. Our present attitude of hypocrisy is inhuman toward a weaker race brought to our shores by the sins of our fathers. We owe him a square deal, and we will never give it to him on this Continent.

Patrick Sarsfield, Diplomat

By Maude L. Radford

A Story of Flaherty and the Progressive Family

FLAHERTY'S pink face turned crimson with irritation, his beetling eyebrows shot out, and he made a quick step from behind the counter. The object of his emotion was a little scrawny newsboy, who had slipped into the restaurant with his wares, and who scurried out with a defiant grin and a gratuitous shuffle of his feet at the door.

Osborne looked up from the cigar he was choosing. "Why shouldn't he come in to sell newspapers, Flaherty? They do in other restaurants."

"More loss to the resthrants, thin," said Flaherty. "'Tis supposed wance a man sits till a table and makes the furrst cut in his steak he's a patthern of good humor. 'Tis not so. 'Tis only whin he has ated and lit his cigar that anny irritation shud approach. Now, a newsbye is an irritation. In the furrst place, I supply papers mesilf fur the customers. If a man hasn't the wan he wants because 'tis in use, he feels a grouch, and the newsbye remoinds him iv it, to me harrum. In the second place, the bye remoinds him that others are worrukin' whin all shud be atein', since he is. Thurrudly, newsbyes are not pleasant to luk at whin a man is thinkin' iv the beauty iv cleanliness, and wonderin' what the resthrant kitchen is like."

"Oh, come," laughed Osborne; "you needn't try to make me think you are running your place on a psychological basis."

"I'm a practical man," said Flaherty. "Forruthly, wan bye atthracts others. Since this wan has thried to carry me place be storm there's another keeps flattin his nose agin the windah."

"They're both there now," remarked Osborne. "Did you notice the green tie on your boy? Perhaps he's Irish."

"'Tis so hot," said Flaherty, "that I can see nawthin' but red, and am drownded in perspiration, savin' yer prisince."

At that moment the high-pitched voice of the second newsboy began to chant:

> The low-down Irish is Sarsfield's min;
> William's byes has licked thim agin and agin.
> Boyne water showed thim runnin' and hidin',
> Our byes chasin' thim, shoutin' and ridin'.

Immediately the second newsboy, pursued by the first, turned into a flaming little fiend, shot into the restaurant. The two engaged in a rough and tumble fight in the narrow space in front of Flaherty's counter. Osborne rushed to stop them, but Flaherty held him back for a moment, whispering hoarsely:

"Jist tin siconds! Don't ye see our bye's doin' him? I'll attind to the dacencies."

With a stern face, Flaherty then pulled the two apart as they raged and whimpered inarticulately at each other, their grimy mouths open and distorted, their fists moving convulsively. He thrust the little Orangeman into Osborne's arms.

"Turrun the little thafe iv the worruld out!" he said. "'Tis nawthin' but his size kapes me from riddin' the counthry iv wan more thraitor to Oireland."

While Osborne obeyed, Flaherty turned a softening face upon the other newsboy, who had so far recovered as to be able to roar insulting epithets after his opponent.

"That's enough! I'm ashamed to hear sich worruds," said Flaherty in an approving tone. "Kathleen," he called to his pretty head waitress, "lit's have a luk at this little shpalpeen!"

The boy was a bony creature, clad in poor clothes badly mended though clean enough. The eyes in his thin face were of a certain sad beauty—Celtic eyes, full of the sorrows of generations. But his nose had a perky expression, and his mouth was by turns whimsical and bold.

"What's your name?" asked Kathleen.

"Pathrick Sarsfield O'Connor."

"Hear that, now," said Flaherty, turning to Osborne. "Did ye hear the name? His father named him afther a good pathrite. D'ye know who was Sarsfield, bye?"

Patrick shook his head.

"I dinnaw," he said. "I have to keep hustlin', so I dinnaw what's goin' on. I don't rade me papers!"

Osborne laughed while Flaherty's face fell. Patrick was vaguely offended.

Went Over to the Boy and Took a Seat Where He Could Regard Him Benevolently

"If it has annythin' to do wid Oireland, I've a brudder cud tell ye," he said defiantly. "Whin we'd sit over the peat in Oireland at night me faather'd tell stories. I'd fall asleep, fur I was that tired wurrukin' in the field, but Hugh O'Neill, he remembered."

Flaherty sighed, but Osborne would permit no sentimentality.

"Before we speak of Hugh O'Neill, the second patriot, just tell me why you fought with the other boy."

"Didn't ye hear what he said to me?" flamed Patrick Sarsfield. "Wud I stand by and take what an Orangey'd say?"

"Keep cool, keep cool," suggested Osborne. "What's an Orangey?"

"I dinnaw, but me brudder, Hugh O'Neill ——"

Flaherty interrupted Osborne's laughter indignantly.

"What matther if a few details escape the bye if his feelin's are right? Now, Pathrick ——"

Kathleen moved away.

"Belike if the wurruk iv the resthrant's been interrupted long enough to suit ye, Flaherty, ye'll let me back to me tables," she called over her shoulder.

Flaherty cast a significant glance at Osborne.

"Kathleen, just a moment, mavourneen," he said. "I want ye to bear witness to what I say to this little shpalpeen—Ye've disghraced me resthrant, Pathrick Sarsfield! To be foightin' on the flure whin people do be atein'! I shuddn't wondher if some customers niver come back."

Flaherty took the checks from men who were grinning at Patrick Sarsfield, and gave them their change.

"What I want ye to do, Pathrick Sarsfield, in spoite iv yer name and yer good Oirish spirit, is to git out iv me place and sthay out. Yer not good fur me business. And if iver ye come back," he finished ferociously, "I'll break ivery bone in yer body betther nor an Orangey cud."

Patrick turned toward the door, evidently making ready a reply which he could hurl from that vantage, but Kathleen caught his thin little shoulder.

"Think shame to yerself, Flaherty!" she said. "Sure, what has the child done? What's a little scrap, annyway? Talk iv thraitors to Oireland ——"

"Business, Kathleen ——"

Kathleen's eyes flashed; the green bow on her hair quivered with indignation.

"'Tis a new t'ing, Flaherty, fur ye to show sich a wake spirit in yer own place, but if anny sich policy is to continny ye kin suit yerself ilsewhere."

"Sure, Kathleen, ye know I'd do annythin' in raison ye want," said Flaherty pacifically. "What do ye want wid the child, acushla?"

Kathleen, a little at a loss, turned to Patrick Sarsfield with some severity.

"There's only wan iv ye, I hope? The others is in Orieland—Hugh O'Neill, and thim?"

"Yiss," said the boy promptly. "Afther mother died, faather and me kim over, and we lift the childher behind. And thin me faather died."

"Well, ye poor little t'ing!" said Kathleen. "Moind, I cudn't have more than wan bye undher me feet ——"

"Sure," agreed Flaherty; "wan bye is all anny raisonable person cud sthand, and more, too."

"I'll thank ye to raymimber, Dan Flaherty, that I come iv a big family mesilf. Big families is often very happy."

Flaherty sighed and wiped his damp forehead.

"Flaherty is waiting for orders, and young Sarsfield here, too," hinted Osborne.

"Well, Misther Robert, I hope I know me place," said Kathleen. "I was goin' to say we have so much lift over, and why shudn't the bye come in be sivin, or half-past, at night ——"

Sarsfield's eyes gleamed.

"I don't ate much," he said, "and 'tis rale handy I am wid a broom. I'd swape fur ye. I don't want much but a chancet." His voice broke a little. "All these papers is lift on me," he went on with a cracked laugh, showing his big bundle. "Some days I ain't got no luck at all, at all. That's 'cause I ain't got a stand or a corner, and the other byes chases me."

Flaherty turned away, and there was moisture in Kathleen's eyes as she said:

"Well, you come over here and luk at what we have to ate, and I'll thrate ye to the bist supper ye ever had."

Patrick Sarsfield shot into a chair and hunched up over the menu. In a proud tone of voice he gave a modest order, which Kathleen doubled.

"Thim little fellys wud often surprise ye, the way they ate," she responded to Osborne's amused glance.

By the time the first edge of Patrick Sarsfield's appetite was removed the restaurant was almost empty. Flaherty went over to the boy and took a seat where he could regard him benevolently.

"Where d'ye live, me bye?" he asked.

"In yer own warrud," responded Patrick, with a look of shy admiration. "I often seen ye."

"Have ye, now?"

"I seen ye on yer front stoop lots iv times," said Patrick Sarsfield. "I been in yer house, too."

"Have ye, now?"

"Uh-uh. I clane the flures fur th' ould widdy keeps yer house," chattered Patrick. "I'm thinkin' she pays me out her own money," he added hastily.

"See that, Robert Immit," said Flaherty to Osborne, who was lingering over a second cigar. "Lyalty's the grand quality."

"I notice it often goes with an indiscreet tongue," remarked Osborne.

"What house d'ye live in?" asked Kathleen, as she brought the boy a second piece of pie.

He shuffled his feet as he replied, "Well, I'm changin' rooms jist now."

They all smiled at the evasion.

"We'll not be lukin' ye up, ye misteryous young villyan," said Flaherty, "unless ye do be givin' a bad account iv yersilf here."

"How ould are ye, Pathrick?" asked Kathleen.

He grinned wickedly at her.

"I'm iliven to me frinds and foorteen to the school officer," he said. "Whin I say I'm foorteen I git wurruk in a paper-box facthory—two dollars a wake, it is. The rist iv the time I hustle papers."

He was a pathetic little figure as he sat smiling up at them. Their faces were grave, and he hastened to justify himself.

"'Tain't like as if I played hokey, Missus," he said, addressing Kathleen. "But me faather only lift a few dollars behint, and I got to wurruk fur the childher. I loike to go to school. I loike 'rithmetic, and I was in sixt' grade whin

"She's Got the Tail Ind iv a Kindergarten wid Her"

I lift this spring. But whin me mother died, she says to faather: 'Put the childher furrust, Paddy,' and whin faather died in May, he says to me to thry cud I kape the little wans all thegither."

"Hang it all, Sarsfield," said Osborne gruffly, "we're not blaming you!"

Sarsfield dodged the kiss Kathleen was offering him, and put out his hands for the doughnuts she held.

"I'll put thim in me pocket, Missus, and ate thim whin I wake up in the night thinkin' iv ye," he grinned.

"D'ye know where me resthrant on the Wist Side is—near yer paper-box facthory?" asked Flaherty.

"Sure, I do. Wan night yer ould widdy, Mrs. Flynn, sint me afther ye there wid a note, and I got to ye in five minutes; and then ye sint me to Micky Dyle's wife, an' then ——"

"Were ye that bye?" asked Flaherty with interest. "'Twas wan iv me warrud byes got in throuble," he explained to Osborne. "Micky Dyle 'twas, and I sint a note to his wife tellin' her to go to see Mrs. Flynn. I hated to have the police arrist him wid her in the house."

"Guardian angel, as usual," said Osborne.

"Well," said Flaherty, "I invite ye to brikfast at me Wist Side resthrant, and since ye are that bye I'll throuble ye to call round at me house Sundah morning. 'Tis the day I thransact a good dale iv warrud business, and nade a boy to do errands and carry messages to thim that has no tiliphones."

This was how Patrick Sarsfield adopted Flaherty. There was not a lazy bone in his self-respecting little body, and he was feverishly eager to earn all he received. He could sweep better than the old Irishwoman who was supposed to keep the restaurant clean, but who, Kathleen said, was "nawthin' but a far-down Nort' iv Oireland, annyway." He had an instinctive gift for feeling when he was needed. On the night of the United Irishmen's picnic he relinquished his papers and appeared in the kitchen first to help a distracted dishwasher, and then, as his deftness became evident, to "dish up" vegetables. His tact was extensive, if nalve. He instantly felt a blunder, and retreated from it always with celerity and usually with skill. To the delight of Flaherty, he learned how to manage Kathleen. He always assumed that she was not going to do what he wanted, acting as if her favor were tentative and much to be desired. In any contest between her and Flaherty he was quick to depart, or else to show himself on her side with an audacious wink at Flaherty.

But it was as a Sunday messenger that he showed himself most valuable. He was quick and discreet. Flaherty fell into the habit of keeping him on Saturdays, after the scouring for Mrs. Flynn was done, giving him a bed for the night, and taking him to early mass in the morning. Then the two would go to breakfast and sit side by side to the boy's proud delight. All day Sunday he would skim over the streets like a bird to do Flaherty's bidding. On weekdays, after supper at the Wabash Avenue restaurant was over, he would walk home with Flaherty. At first Flaherty bade him good-night on the doorstep, but after a time he could not bear to see the pathetic little figure scudding away alone. Before the summer was over Patrick Sarsfield had taken up his abode in Flaherty's house.

It was then that Flaherty's affection for the boy received its first check. He was in the restaurant, boasting of his protégé to Osborne, who always waited for a chat with him after dinner.

"He's the smartest little scut iv a gossoon iver I see," said Flaherty. "Last night what does he do but come tearin' in, his little haart nearly busted out iv him. 'Rin!' he says. 'There's a cab outside that I called. Micky Dyle's goin' to jump his bail!' I didn't sthay to quistion him, and that's the way I'd thrate a grown frind, d'ye moind. I jist larruped intil the cab and over to Mick's house, and found the bye's right. The poor woman, Mrs. Dyle, had dhrounded him wid tears, and diffened him wid cries, till he'd said he'd jump to Canada and lose me me t'ree t'ousand dollars and himsilf all chanct iv facin' the worruld agin. I cuddn't convince him till I'd cracked his head, and thin I had all the women iv the strate riddy to tear me eyes out. They cuddn't see that me knockout argymint was the only wan I cud emply.

"Well, Robert Immit, I misdoubt I wasn't wise, but I cuddn't help tellin' that bye the jew'l he was. 'Alannah,' says I, 'anny little thrifle ye want iv me, jist spake the worrud. There's little ye cuddn't have that's mine. Whin ye are big ye'll be a precinct captain fur me. It's schoolin' I'll give ye, and the right road to politics.' 'Tis not that I fear the lad wud impose on me, but 'tis bad fur a bye to know ye admire him so thremenjous. I misdoubt I said more thin I tould ye. I belave I aven said ——"

Flaherty never finished his sentence. He was looking open-mouthed at the door of the restaurant through which Patrick Sarsfield was entering, dragging after him another boy, who first bumped against the side of the door, and then crashed against a table with a Newfoundland puppy sort of awkwardness. He, too, was thin and large-eyed. But his expression lacked the shrewdness of Patrick's. His mouth was languid, his eyes wandering, his face serious. Dreamer and idler were written all over him.

Patrick gave him an admonitory punch.

"Say that wan about the Rapparees, Hugh," he whispered.

Instantly a change came over the child. His little slouchy body straightened, fire flashed in his dreamy eyes, and he half said, half chanted, in a beautiful voice:

Ru Shamus, he is gone to France, and left his crown behind.
Bad luck be theirs both night and day put runnin' in his mind.
Lord Lucan's followed after with his slashers brave and true,
And now the doleful keen goes up: What will poor Ireland do?
What will poor Ireland do? What can poor Ireland do?
Our luck, they say, has gone to France, then what can Ireland do?

Oh, never fear for Ireland, for she has sojers still,
For Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill;
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these—
May God be good and kind to them, the faithful Rapparees!
The fearless Rapparees!
The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees.

Osborne watched interestedly, first the glowing child, with Patrick behind, an anxious stage manager, and then Flaherty and Kathleen, whose faces, in the beginning amazed, had changed to mirrors of patriotic emotion. When the child had finished six verses, he blundered back against the table, Patrick just saving him from knocking off a dish.

"Ah dear, ah dear, 'tis the song of 1691!" said Flaherty. "'The fearless Rapparees, the men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the roving Rapparees.' And who may this be ye've inthroduced on us, Pathrick Sarsfield?"

"'Tis me little brudder, Hugh O'Neill, over from Oireland," said Patrick glibly. "Say another wan, Hugh—'The West's Asleep.'"

Again Hugh brightened, and gave the stirring words, Flaherty chiming in with the lines:

Sing, oh! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

"Well, 'tis a graate bye wid the varses he is," said Flaherty.

"Sure, he knows lots more," said Patrick proudly. "Arl you got to do is to starut him aff and he'll go arl day. He knows arl the fairy stories of me two ould grannies—wan was a Connaught and wan was a Donegal body. Don't you know lots more, Hugh?"

Hugh assented with an awkward gesture which sent into space the dish Patrick had tried to save. Kathleen picked up the pieces without a word.

"Can't he stand up?" asked Osborne, laughing. "He has done nothing but butt into the furniture."

"Sure, Misther Robert, he do be clumsy at times, but that is whin he ain't sayin' his bits."

Patrick steered Hugh to a chair, where the boy sat spiritless. Certainly, Patrick was by far the more attractive of the two.

"So ye are jist over?" asked Kathleen.

"Yis," answered Patrick; "jist."

"Who'd ye come over wid, Hugh?" asked Kathleen.

"Faather and Pathrick and ——"

Patrick struck him an exasperated blow.

"Wud ye make a liar iv yer brudder, ye desateful crockodile?" he shouted.

Kathleen and Osborne went into shrieks of laughter, but Flaherty said, in a stern voice:

"Ye nade not have lied to me, Pathrick Sarsfield."

"Well, but Kathleen and you said wan bye was enough," said Patrick; "and cud I have got him in here if I had tould the trut' thin? I'd radder tell the trut' if it was as sarviceable as lies. Me mother give me that bringin'-up, annyhow."

Kathleen and Osborne were still struggling to be serious when Hugh broke in, in a sing-song voice:

"Pathrick and me is all there is iv us here, and Pathrick sinds his money back to thim that is at home."

"Well," said Flaherty, anxious to believe in his favorite, "be the luk iv it, Hugh O'Neill's too stupid to lie."

"Unless he's repeating a lesson," murmured Osborne.

"Moight I ask," said Flaherty politely, "what ye were thinkin' to do wid this foine brother iv yours?"

Patrick was plainly discomposed. He looked at Flaherty uncertainly.

"I t'ought avenin's whin ye were tired he cud say varses to ye. Faather used to say they risted him soul and body."

"On the principle of the old-time minstrel," observed Osborne. "The bard O'Connor."

Hugh's wandering eyes lighted.

"In th' ould days the O'Connors was kings of Connaught," he said. "And they had bards to tache thim the glories of Oireland, and they sang befure battles and loss niver came nigh thim."

Patrick kept a careful eye on Flaherty to measure the effect of this speech.

"Ye said," he remarked after a pause, "that I'd be precinct captain some day. I know full well Hugh wud deesthry all he cud airn sayin' pieces, but I'll kape thrack, and whin I am precinct captain I'll be rich enough to pay."

"Me faather," said Kathleen musingly—"I kin hear him lilting that ould song iv the Rapparees whin he was that ould the sinse had nigh lift him."

She saw a little thatched hut, smoky and low, and over a red peat fire an old bent man crooning and swaying in the blue smoke. Her eyes filled as if she felt the smoke.

"I'm sure Hugh O'Neill's the good bye, whativer," she said in an unusually gentle voice. "The bit he breaks

"Spake a Pace, Ye Little Imp o' Satan"

won't ruin us, Flaherty, and maybe Pathrick kin kape him out o' mischief. Pathrick does be showin' a good dale iv janious runnin' t'ings. Belike, too, the childher have been lonely, sipirated."

Flaherty still showed a somewhat disgruntled face. He seemed to feel that Patrick had somehow evolved Hugh O'Neill out of space as a piece of impertinent assurance. Had the child been like Patrick he would have felt less irritated, but Flaherty had little patience with people who were physically clumsy.

Then Patrick's true little spirit appeared. He took Hugh's hand, and said to Flaherty:

"Ye've been rale good, sir, and I thank ye kindly fur't arl, but I have to look afther little Hugh. He does be gettin' into danger widout me, nights."

He moved toward the door, and Flaherty was smitten with remorse.

"Ye'll take yer suppers bot' and thin go wid me and break it to Mrs. Flynn. Where wud ye go but home, ye provokin' little sarpint?"

Patrick took the permission quite simply.

"I'll thry to make it up till ye, sir," he said.

It was rather a painful occasion. Kathleen went to the kitchen, where they could hear her giving a lavish order in a loud, emphatic voice. The children seated themselves at a table, Flaherty opened the till, while Osborne strolled to the piano and began playing. When his fingers strayed into Wexford Boys, little Hugh O'Neill woke from a dreamy savoring of the odors which came from the kitchen and began to pipe in a sweet voice.

Flaherty took a chair by Patrick.

"Well, well, me lad," he said; "I've no doubt we'll be the happy family. Belike Kathleen wud bring me a plate, and I'll ate me supper now wid you and Hugh."

Poor little Hugh O'Neill certainly exacted all the forbearance his protectors possessed. He was born, as Kathleen said, "wid the black luck on him." Everything perishable which the child's unchancey little hands or body touched was broken or marred. At times he was inspired with Patrick's desire to be useful, and would persist with a blind obstinacy in painful efforts which rasped the nerves of his elders, and sometimes drew upon him their indignant language. When others were present, Patrick covered up as well as he could Hugh's blunders, but if they were alone he let his vigorous little tongue free in bitter invective.

At the same time, he seemed to take a fatalistic view of the case. Hugh was a genius; time would tell whether his genius would ever be anything but a drawback to his brother. Meantime, he must be tenderly protected. While the two were in school—for Flaherty had insisted that Patrick should enroll again—the responsibility fell from Patrick's shoulders, but once the two were outside the schoolhouse his little brain burdened itself with schemes for keeping Hugh away from the adults except when it was a propitious time for recitation. Whenever Hugh's mistakes were particularly annoying he plunged the child into a song or a tale. After a time Flaherty began to adopt this expedient. On one occasion he had whimsically arranged his day's takings in piles of silver of varying amounts, and was just preparing to count, when Hugh, replete with supper, charged into the little table on which the money stood, upsetting it and himself.

"The back iv me hand and the sole iv me fut to ye!" roared Flaherty. "Spake a pace, ye little imp o' Satan, and quick!"

And Hugh, still on the floor, began The Meeting of the Waters.

But before the autumn was over Flaherty had accepted Hugh with something like equanimity.

"Ye see," he said to Osborne one night, "to have a lad suitin' me as parfectly as Pathrick Sarsfield and no drawback whativer wud be askin' too much; it wud so. Sure, I've niver had anny iv the warrud byes worrukin' fur me that I didn't have to put up wid some thrifle like a likin' fur the dhrink. And why shuddn't I put up wid Hugh? And I said as much to Sarsfield last night.

(Concluded on Page 15)

Wall Street and the Public Money

By Will Payne

Life-Insurance Government

THE Equitable row and change of management was not a new experience in life insurance. About the same thing had happened in the New York Life thirteen years before. The older story throws some light—mostly bright red—on the newer.

In both cases the trouble started with an internal row and developed into a fight for control which involved disclosures of scandalous mismanagement. In both cases the State authorities stepped in only at the last moment. In neither case had the people who furnished the great stake that was being fought for—that is, the policy-holders—anything whatever to do with the settlement or the seating of the new management.

In October, 1885, the president of the New York Life died, and the actuary, William H. Beers, was elected to succeed him. The official announcement says that Actuary Beers had "long been recognized as the inspiring force in the company's management." From 1885 he was boss of the company—and a very able insurance man, too, with strong features, the nose of power, bald-headed and bearded like a Mormon elder.

Some internal jars developed, however, and in October, 1887, Cashier Banta, of the company, sent a letter to the trustees embodying charges of reckless management. The New York Life was then as now a purely "mutual" concern, with no capital stock, but with all voting power vested in the policy-holders and represented by their proxies. So it had no dummy directors like the Equitable—but dummy trustees instead. The trustees duly appointed a committee to investigate, just as the Equitable directors did. But it was not a Frick committee bent upon ousting the management. It reported some "slight shortcomings" and warmly indorsed the president. Nothing further was heard of the cashier's charges just then.

About this time, or a little earlier, John A. McCall, who had been State Superintendent of Insurance for several years, took the position of comptroller in the Equitable Life; and George W. Perkins, who had been brought up in the Chicago general agency of the New York Life, was ably soliciting insurance for that company and getting himself noticed as a coming young man. Henry B. Hyde was then a very active and aggressive spirit in the insurance field. Wall Street was beginning to wake up to the advantages attending control of a large life-insurance company.

The People Who Furnished the Great Stake That Was Being Fought For Had Nothing to Do With the Settlement

It is not necessary to go behind the returns in this New York Life case. It may simply be stated that there were persons who thought it would be an excellent thing to put the Beers régime out of business—much as, later, it appeared advisable to other people to oust the Hyde-Alexander régime from the Equitable.

The attack was skillfully launched. In June, 1891, when President Beers was in Europe, the New York Times—then under a management entirely different from the present one—came out with a front-page, scare-head story alleging a big defalcation in the New York Life by one of its general agents. Beginning with that initial publication, the Times made a specialty of New York Life affairs. Cashier Banta's charges were aired. Day after day columns and pages of attacks were printed. The company was, of course, under the slumbrous supervision of the State Insurance Department, and the temperature finally rose to that boiling point—which seems to be reached in life-insurance affairs about once in a decade—where the State Superintendent was obliged to make an examination that extended beyond ocular verification of the fact that the home office had not fallen down.

The State Superintendent's report came out in January, 1892. It showed that the company was solvent, just as in the Equitable case; and, as in that case, it showed that this was not particularly the fault of the management. It showed exactly the same large-hearted and free-handed manner of disposing of policy-holders' money that existed in the Equitable.

There had been some poor real-estate investments. For example, the company had made a loan to the builders of Holbrook Hall, a big apartment house in New York; then, when it looked as though the venture would be profitable, it had frozen out the builders and taken over and completed the structure. But the company had been a very unsuccessful builder, and at the end of the deal it had $1,009,866 invested in a piece of property that was valued at $480,000. Its loss on the Plaza Hotel, a somewhat similar venture, was $283,094. No graft was proven here; but the moral values were a bit mixed. In the Holbrook Hall case the builders had at one stage, raised the money due the company and sought to secure a release from it, but the proffered money was refused—probably because it appeared to be a good speculation gently to eliminate the builders—which was scarcely a pretty business for a trustee. Beers had put over a million of policy-holders' money in Paris realty—to enhance the company's European prestige and, possibly, as a testimonial of his personal appreciation of the pleasant French capital. This included the 800,000 francs that he paid for the good will of the famous Café Riche—a use of policy-holders' money, says the State Superintendent, which was scarcely contemplated by the law.

Mr. Loomis L. White was a trustee of the New York Life, a member of its finance committee and friend of its president; also senior partner in the brokerage firm of L. L. White & Co. This firm made purchases and sales of securities for the company to the amount of $60,000,000. There was reported one instance—the purchase of $2,000,000 Chicago and Northwestern bonds—where the New York Life paid 103 and interest, whereas the Equitable was able to buy the same bonds at 101 and interest.

Mr. Beers, it was further shown, caused the company to expend $100,000 in backing the publication of an elaborate work entitled Public Service of the State of New York, which contained a flattering account of the New York Life. It contained an equally flattering account of the Mutual, which contributed nothing. Questioned as to this literary venture, Mr. Beers replied:

"If we had completed arrangements, and if Mr. Winston (president of the Mutual) had not died, and other negotiations had been successful, it would have cost the New York Life a very small sum."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of papers by Mr. Payne on Wall Street and the Public Money.

Thus do the most honorable intentions sometimes go awry. Trustees were entitled to $10 for each meeting that they attended. President Beers forgot this for a time; then made himself a voucher for "back pay for about a dozen years."

All this has a rather familiar sound to those who have followed the Equitable case. But the real backbone of the attack on Beers lay in a different direction—namely, in certain relations with agents, especially general agents. At that time—before George W. Perkins came into power and practically abolished the system—the general agent was a sort of satrap, professing allegiance to the home office, but often so powerful that he could override it. He made his own contracts with agents and had a cast-iron grip not only upon renewal commissions, but upon the proxies of the policy-holders in his territory—proxies which the management might need to secure its tenure.

Here is a curious illustration of the position of the general agent: Henry B. Hyde's father was general agent of the Mutual Life in Boston. At the time of the father's death the son was dictator of the Equitable, one of the Mutual's strongest competitors. Nevertheless, as his father's heir, he took over the Boston agency of the Mutual and held it for years. He testified that the work of running the Boston office was done by a man to whom he paid a salary of $2500 a year, while the net earnings of about $20,000 a year went into his own pocket—agreeably augmenting his large income as chief of the Equitable. Moreover, the man who ran the Mutual's Boston office for him solicited and wrote insurance for the Equitable. The agent used to get a commission on every premium paid during the life of the policy. The general agent had a property-right in these commissions which he could transfer or bequeath.

The State Superintendent found that President Beers had paid extravagant commissions and advanced hundreds of thousands to general agents without interest and upon insufficient security; also, that there were instances where agents had used the funds of the company for speculative purposes, the profits going to the agents, when there was a profit, but the losses, if there was a loss, being carefully charged up to the company. Vanuxem & Co., the Philadelphia general agents, had received large advances and other favors. But more serious trouble arose in the Spanish-American general agency, having charge of business in Central and South America. This agency was composed of Joaquin Sanchez y de Lowagoiti and Jules (or Julio) Merzbacher, both of New York. The long name had nothing to do with it, however. It was the junior partner who ran off with the money. The Spanish-American agency had, it seemed, been given the freest of hands, with liberal commissions and almost anything it was minded to put down in the way of allowances. Moreover, it attended to the collection of premiums in its territory. So, on December 31, 1890, it owed the company $795,804 for premiums collected, after deducting all its commissions and allowances. Diligent inquiry discovered $256,921 of this sum still in the hands of sub-agents; but Mr. Merzbacher and $538,883 had faded away.

No Check on the Agency

OF COURSE, no intelligent check had been kept on the agency. Mr. Beers was asked whether this firm, which was collecting seven or eight hundred thousand dollars a year for the company, had given bonds. He replied: "They have no bonds. Bonds are not worth anything. There is a good deal of theory about bonds." However, Mr. Beers turned the Spanish-American agency over to Sanchez, under a contract which provided that, after allowing $30,000 net a year to Mr. Sanchez, the remaining earnings of the agency, if any, should be applied toward liquidating its indebtedness to the company.

The large and liberal manner in which Mr. Beers did things is finely illustrated in his dealings with one S. L. Dinkelspiel, a famous lightning solicitor, who at the time of the investigation was down on the company's books as a debtor in the amount of $348,000. The president regretted that the lightning solicitor was not of the very highest repute. He had once been employed under a different name. Mr. Beers' testimony concerning Mr. Dinkelspiel runs as follows:

"He got into a scrape . . . . . in Louisville and removed to Montreal under an assumed name. One day he came to me and said: 'Mr. Beers, I'm dead broke and I've got to pay a debt of honor.' I said: 'What do you want?' He replied that he wanted money. I told him to come and see me to-morrow."

Dinkelspiel came on the morrow. Beers gave him money to pay his debt and employed him, finally making him advances to the amount of $348,000, against which the lightning solicitor claimed some credits for renewal commissions and rebates. The president was asked:

"Do you think the board of trustees, now that they know Dinkelspiel's character, can properly allow him to remain with the company?"

Mr. Beers replied: "It seems to me, and I am honest in the expression of this opinion, that if I were a trustee I would leave it to the officers."

Some other instances of those "slight shortcomings" which the committee of trustees had reported were disclosed in the examination. But Mr. Beers was by no means ready to quit. On the contrary, following the publication of the State Superintendent's report, he made a vigorous defense of himself and his management, dwelling largely upon the growth of the company, and set out to get the necessary proxies to re-elect himself.

The New York Life, remember, is strictly "mutual," the votes of the policy-holders deciding its elections. The charges, proven or unproven, against Beers had been spread broadcast for months. But control of the agency force means control of the proxies; and in this fight President Beers won hands down. He secured the necessary proxies to re-elect himself and perpetuate his management. Yet he retired from the field.

Why? If you ask a man who was on the inside during the fight the answer will be: "They threatened to attack his private life. Then he threw up his hands."

The president's enemies had demonstrated an abundant willingness to attack, and they possessed an organ for it. The public, they reasoned, will cheerfully stand for more or less grafting by a man in high position. There are other things it will not stand for—in cold type.

Cut-Throat "Harmony"

THERE is something peculiarly alluring about these little cut-and-thrust, life-and-death fights in Wall Street. They are held behind closed doors, usually at some club or in a handsome suite of offices. Outsiders may occasionally catch a roar of rage—like Mr. Harriman's "Wow! Wow! Wow!"—or a shriek of despair. Now and then a mangled limb is tossed into the air. Then the gentlemen emerge—a bit white and trembling, perhaps, but smiling and ready to assure everybody that the meeting was most harmonious.

Mr. Beers resigned on February 8, 1892. His letter to the board said: "At my advanced age, and in my present state of health, I require relief from the very onerous labors of the presidency, and but for the long-continued assaults on the company, which have been chiefly directed against me personally, I should have asked you long ago to lighten my labors."

Of course, the resignation was accepted. Incidentally, in connection with the resignation, Mr. Beers was employed by the trustees, "in an advisory capacity," at a salary of $25,000 a year. In short, he was given a pension. With the acceptance of the formal resignation, he was out and his power was gone. The trustees at once began to be troubled by doubts as to the legality of the pension. So, to keep on the safe side, they cut it off.

Beers died November 16, 1893. His successor, President McCall, announced the fact in a letter to agents which concluded as follows:

"His kindly face and gentle tones will be often in our memories, and the mounded earth that marks his resting-place will be moistened by the tears of many to whom he was endeared. To his sorrowing relatives only the consolation of the Great Lord and Master will avail. The assurance of sympathetic friends will not be wanting, nor will the place of his sepulture be neglected by them."

Which was proper and touching. All the same, eighteen months before, William H. Beers had been doing his own weeping unassisted.

I remember well when it became strictly necessary to fire the president of a large bank who had been making an ass of himself. As a token of former friendship, he was permitted to remove himself a distance of several thousand miles when the painful operation was performed. The directors solemnly convened in annual session at 10:30, everybody knowing what was going to happen. At 10:50 they gravely handed out a typewritten document which set forth that the president had been unanimously re-elected; that notice of his election had been sent him by wire at Coronado Beach; that he had replied as follows. What followed was an expression of deep appreciation of the honor of his reëlection, a recitation of his valuable services to the bank, and regrets that an uncertain state of health and many pressing duties made it impossible for him to serve another year. There was appended a neat set of resolutions by the board, voicing their sense of the bank's obligations to its late chief and their sorrow that he could no longer continue to guide its destinies.

Only a little while ago the directors of a great Wall Street concern took one of its officers up on the high roof—not to show him the kingdoms of the world, but to get a better swing for the kick that was to project him into space. Then they came down and duly handed out the usual letter of resignation. The letter was all that it should have been. The directors had carefully drawn it up before the gentleman who signed it ever saw it and thus became aware that his health would not permit him to continue in his job.

John A. McCall was elected president of the New York Life when Beers resigned. In an address, acknowledging the honor and speaking of the company's loyal agents, he said: "There is one of these men of preëminent ability and worth whom I wish to bring to this office and make one of the officers of the company. This is Mr. George W. Perkins, and I want to make him my right-hand man in the agency business."

In 1879, Mr. Perkins had been appointed inspector of agencies for the Western department—a position which, naturally, brought him into the closest relations with the agency force and the proxy-controlling machinery as then organized. Very soon afterward, Mr. McCall, in a letter to agents, remarked: "No announcement that will emanate from us of changes in our official staff will meet with a heartier response from the men who bear the heat and sustain the trials of the business than that of the election of Mr. George W. Perkins, of Chicago, as vice-president."

It will be seen that Mr. Perkins at once became a figure of first-rate importance in the company. He immediately set out to abolish the general agent system, and accomplished it, substituting the branch-office plan, which consolidated power in the home office. His name appeared, along with that of the president, in the power-giving proxies of the policy-holders. His training had been altogether in the agency department of the business; but he had a talent for finance, too, and became member of, and chairman of, the finance committee. This newly discovered talent for finance attracted the discriminating attention of Mr. J. P. Morgan, who occasionally bore some heat and sustained some trials himself. So, in due time, the insurance world was rather surprised to hear that Mr. Perkins had been taken into Mr. Morgan's great banking-house as one of the active partners.

President McCall was not especially pleased over this alliance of his finance committee with Wall Street. But if there was any show-down on that point, Mr. Perkins evidently won; for he not only continued in the finance committee and in Morgan & Co., but moved the finance committee's headquarters down to the Hanover Bank building, within a biscuit-toss of the Morgan office—as against a three-minutes' walk to the New York Life building on Broadway. Somebody gave out the innocent explanation that, with headquarters right on Wall Street, Mr. Perkins could pick up bargains in bonds which he would miss if three blocks away—the explainer apparently resting under the delusion that the gentlemen with push-carts who perambulate up and down Wall and Broad Streets are bond dealers who will not take the trouble to trundle their wares up Broadway.

Mr. Perkins, in fact, makes his headquarters in the dingy and respectable office of Morgan & Co., and he and Mr. McCall constitute the government of the New York Life—with the power, seemingly, pretty evenly balanced.

The Cheap Luxury of Respectable Directors

I DO NOT mean to say that the McCall-Perkins control of the New York Life is not perfectly able and honest, nor that the McCurdy-Ryan control of the Mutual is not, nor that the new control of the Equitable will not be. As a matter of fact, the government of the New York savings banks is a pure oligarchy, yet those institutions are managed with preëminent ability and honesty. The point here is that the "mutual" feature—the pretense of a really democratic government in a great life-insurance company—is a mere fake. There has always been a boss or a small clique of bosses. No doubt, there always will be. The gain to Equitable policy-holders in "mutualizing" that concern is sentimental only.

There are nearly a million policy-holders in the New York Life, scattered over the whole world. Nobody outside of the management can even find out who they are. To organize them for opposition to the management would be fairly impossible. Certain irregularities were proven in 1891—involving, in fact, a larger loss of policy-holders' money than has been shown in the case of the Equitable—yet Beers was able to muster a majority of the voting proxies. Probably less than a fifth of the policy-holders are represented at an annual election, even by proxy—and the proxy, once given, runs until it is revoked. So the management at this moment probably has in hand more proxies than any opposition could get together.

Of course, the New York Life had in 1891, and now has, its imposing list of trustees, containing the most eminent names, fully matching in distinguished uselessness the Equitable's roster of dummy directors. All well-regulated fiduciary concerns have this ornamental appendage. It goes in with the plate-glass, the tile floor and the special policeman at the door. In view of the ease and cheapness with which it is secured, the wonder is that "Five-hundred-per-cent-Miller" and other celebrated get-rich-quick geniuses overlooked the opportunity to provide their enterprises with sets of most respectable directors. In 1887 Mr. Beers' eminent trustees of the New York Life could find only "slight shortcomings" in his management. In 1905, Mr. Hyde's distinguished dummy directors of the Equitable tried to suppress the Frick report which disclosed the graft in that concern. You pull the string and up go the jumping-jack's arms.

The New York Life had, and has, its duly constituted committees and sub-committees and its by-laws. The Equitable had the same solemn machinery. They all have

it. Nevertheless, Beers was the state. He made the agency contracts and the advances. Some archæologist or other studied the by-laws and asked the president where he got the authority to make these contracts. He replied that he thought it was in the "duties of the president." The archæologist then pointed out that the by-laws gave this power to the supervisory and agency committees. The president, with his memory thus dimly refreshed, said he "believed there was something of that kind, but it was when the company was very small."

The Equitable's by-laws provided that the executive committee should have charge of all investments of the company's funds, but should report all such investments to the finance committee, for its approval or disapproval, at each meeting. Thus, on the face of it, investments must pass through a double court—first, the executive committee, or lower court; then the finance committee, or supreme bench. But the value of this admirable provision was considerably weakened by the fact that both committees were composed of the same persons. So, when the executive committee had decided upon an investment, the finance committee was rather certain to approve. It should be remembered that, under the charter, a director of the Equitable must be the owner of five shares of capital stock, and that of the fifty-two distinguished individuals who composed the board, all except ten qualified in this regard by borrowing the necessary five shares from Hyde, having them recorded in their names and immediately returning them to him. But it would have made little difference if their tenure had depended upon policy-holders' proxies which Hyde controlled instead of upon stock that he owned.

The executive committee was composed of James H. Hyde, James W. Alexander, William A. Wheelock, Chauncey M. Depew, Valentine P. Snyder, H. C. Deming, Thomas D. Jordan and George H. Squire. Of these Hyde, Alexander, Depew, Jordan and Squire were on the company's pay-roll. Snyder was president of the National Bank of Commerce, in which the Equitable was largely interested, and Deming was president of the Mercantile Trust Company, which the Equitable controlled. The one independent was William A. Wheelock. He qualified as director by borrowing five shares from Hyde, and the State Superintendent's report says of him: "He is an elderly gentleman, about eighty-seven years of age, and is now paralyzed and unable to do any work."

This aged paralytic is the nearest approach to an independent representation in the Equitable government that we are able to find. But elderly Mr. Wheelock was not entirely outside the pie-belt. Each member of the executive committee received a fee of twenty-five dollars for every meeting, whether he was present or not. As there were three meetings a week and as every member of the executive committee was also a member of some other paid committee, the yearly emolument, in fees, for each member was $4480. The company paid about $45,000 a year in fees to its directors and committeemen.

Honest, but They Need the Money

IT IS not remarkable, in the circumstances, that Hyde regarded the committees as lightly as Mr. Beers had before him. As a matter of fact, Hyde committed the company to investments amounting to millions without troubling either the executive or finance committees. But why should he have troubled them when they had nothing to do but vote as he directed? The committees did not take themselves any more seriously than Hyde took them. Going over the minutes of the meetings of the executive committee for two years, one finds that ninety per cent. of them consist simply of this formula:

"The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed, and all transactions completed since that date were reported and approved."

The gentlemen then adjourned as executive committee, immediately reconvened as finance committee and duly approved what the executive committee had done. At stated intervals they convened in the capacity of the board of directors (it took only nine of the fifty-two members of the board to constitute a quorum) and duly approved both executive and finance committees. Once a year they met as stockholders and duly approved the board of directors.

Such was the government of the Equitable in 1905. Such was the government of the New York Life in 1891. Probably if you were to dig into certain other companies of 1904, or any other year, you would find about the same governmental machinery. If there is no greater statutory restriction upon the use of policy-holders' money you will find it if you dig into the rejuvenated Equitable in 1910.

The bosses may be able and honest; but so long as they are left practically without legal restrictions upon the immense amounts of trust funds in their hands, and so largely without accountability to the people who own the money, there will always be an annoyingly wide margin of chances. Wall Street is a sad place for graft. To suppose that men of the type that is dominant there, with their ability and their ambitions, can unrestrainedly control enormous amounts of other people's money without making something out of it for themselves requires a degree of sunny optimism that you seldom find outside of a life-insurance pamphlet.

And a mere salary—even a liberal salary—amounts to so little. Suppose a man does get $100,000 a year. He will be forty before he gets it and it will take him a third of his active life to make himself a millionaire. A million, too, is a mere nothing in Wall Street. It is scarcely a respectable ante.

The State Insurance Department imposes no check whatever upon graft, speculation and extravagance in life insurance. Many times it is too tenderly allied with gentlemen who feed upon graft. The annual reports are of no value so far as missue of funds is concerned. There is no virtue in "mutualization." In a mutual company a policy-holder counts for no more than a new Congressman does in the House of Representatives.

Nevertheless, it is perfectly feasible to take graft, speculation and extravagance out of life-insurance government, and to make lustful Wall Street as harmless to the policy-holder as the cooing dove. You have only to turn to the savings banks to see how this may be done

The Case of the Ambassador

By S. M. Gardenhire

Author of The Silence of Mrs. Harrold

I HAD occasion to be in the city of Washington one day in September for the purpose of consulting a client for whom I had negotiated some securities. Mrs. Barrister, my wife's mother, had been ill of late, and I had been absent from my office for several days. I had not seen LeDroit Conners in consequence, and from my knowledge of his habits I inferred that he was keeping his customary seclusion, loitering before his easel in his studio, or spending the time with his favorite French novels. In his view, the Parisian writers had an ingenuity in fiction equaled by none others in the world, always excepting Poe.

Matters had so far righted themselves at home as to permit me to risk a run over to the Capital on business much neglected, and as I came suddenly I found my client gone. I had the option of either coming again or awaiting his return, and I chose the latter. Washington, like London, is a city with a climate, and upon this day it rained. As dusk fell and the electric lights were reflected from the pools gathered upon the pavements of the wet streets, I was hurrying by the Treasury building on the way to my hotel when a hand fell upon my shoulder. I turned and recognized Conners.

"Hello!" was his greeting. "I telephoned your house prior to my leaving New York and a sweet and gentle voice informed me of your presence here. So, you see, I am not surprised. I have seen so little of you lately that I feared you were ill, but the voice aforesaid reassured me. Of course I am glad to see you."

"And you," I said, as much pleased as himself; "what brings you here?"

"Curiosity, adventure, and that disposition, not to be curbed, which forever induces me to meddle in matters which primarily do not concern me. I am called into an interesting case which I am assured is many grades above the work of your professional detective, and this I find to be the fact. I am temporarily in the diplomatic corps. Hence, you see, it is a matter of importance."

"Obviously," I replied, deeply interested, as I always was in the cases which he consented to take up. "Can you tell me about it?"

"I can do more," he said with his enticing laugh; "I can involve you with me. I reserve all rights as to procedure and method, as you know. Otherwise, an employment is invariably declined. Let us go to my room, and,

Conners Ran Through the Package Rapidly

as I have an interval of time at my disposal, I can tell you what I know of the matter at this stage of progress."

"Your coming is delightful," I remarked as we entered the office of the hotel and he stopped at the desk for his key. "I was lonely, and had thought of a night at the theatre."

"This will be better than a play," he laughed. "Quite as romantic, and possessing the additional merit of truth."

The room which we entered showed evidences of a hasty occupancy. Conners' satchel and dressing-case were on the bed, and a steamer trunk upon the floor. The satchel was open and the dresser was strewn with brushes, combs, his pistol, and a variety of scarfs and collars.

"I had been to the barber-shop," he explained, "and went from there to the block below for some cigarettes of a special brand which I saw this afternoon. I came down this morning. How long I shall remain will depend upon the time required successfully to conclude my case. A matter like this may take a man to Europe or South America, hence my luggage"—and he nodded to it with a smile.

"You surely do not expect it to involve me to that extent?" I laughed.

"I don't expect it to involve *me* to that extent," he said, "but, once in, I stay to the end of the war. I have not seen my client since I came down here, but shall go to him shortly. Generally, a client comes to me, but sometimes I make an exception in favor of ladies and great personages. Do you travel with a dress-suit when on business?"

"Only when I come to Washington," I observed.

"Good! I may ask you to don it for the sake of the proprieties. I shall now assume mine. Meantime, you may read this."

He tossed toward me a document which I caught quickly, hesitating, as he continued:

"You will find it remarkable, after a fashion. It discloses an unrivaled knowledge of human nature. Your moralist has always wondered why the criminal wastes his energy on things disreputable. The genius that can engrave a counterfeit might make the successful president of a bank. Alas, the genius does not wish to be a bank president! The perverted taste loves villainy as the sparks fly upward."

The document in question was a square envelope of heavy paper, richly embossed. I saw at once that it was of fashionable design, and evidently an invitation. The contents revealed a letter, typewritten upon the stationery of one of the first and most important Legations, with an engraved card of imposing size and script. It was artistic, costly, and the letter read as follows:

Dear Madam: As the wife of a representative public man of your community, the Ambassador directs me to extend to you the inclosed invitation to the ball to be given at the Embassy on the 28th of this month. All the members of the Diplomatic Corps will be present, with the leading officials of the army and navy It is designed to make this the most brilliant function of the year. The head of the nation will honor the occasion by his presence. Although you may be unable to attend, it is hoped that you can do so, and it is not the less designed to extend this request to a few representative ladies of this country. This is one of three hundred invitations. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that the inclosed card is not transferable, but I must suggest that, until after the event in question, this invitation be regarded as confidential. So

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of three stories by Mr. Gardenhire, all dealing with the adventures of the detective, LeDroit Conners, but each distinct in itself.

many distinguished people must be neglected in this matter that our Legation is sometimes embarrassed, and they would resent the poor honor that is thus extended beyond the city.

I am further enabled to offer you an additional pleasure, which in this case reverts as an honor to yourself. The ladies of the Diplomatic Corps are contributing to a design in marble, with a commemorative banner, for the Anniversary of the League of the Revolution, and it was thought fitting that the ladies of our Embassy should preside over the movement. While this is unusual, we have made an exception of this case, and at our meeting on Thursday it was decided to permit you to contribute. No checks or drafts are desired, as we wish no vulgar evidence of who has aided in this function, but the letters of the contributors will be bound in blue morocco and deposited with the Smithsonian Institution. A new crisp bill of the preferred denomination of five dollars or more may be sent to the address of The Ambassador, Box A, New York City, where the details of the subscription are cared for. With due consideration from both my distinguished husband and myself, to you and to your household, I am,

Most respectfully, etc.

Miss Olmer

This remarkable letter was signed by the wife of the Ambassador, with all her titles and supposed badges of distinction.

I finished, and looked at the handsome card of inclosure, a magnificent invitation to the event in question, aristocratic, awe-inspiring, and brilliantly suggestive of the gilded assemblage that would gather under the crystal pendants of the lights at the Embassy. Then I turned my inquiring gaze upon Conners.

"That ought to bring an average of five dollars in each case," I said, "but with only three hundred sent out——"

"Three hundred—bah!" he laughed. "It was one of thirty thousand, sent to the wife of every listed politician from Maine to Texas."

"Well!" I gasped, as the significance of the matter dawned upon me. "Of all the impudent, outrageous frauds ever perpetrated, this is the worst! The person that would send that to a wife of mine!——"

"Softly, my dear fellow, softly!" laughed Conners. "Our criminals must live, you know, and while this is shocking, there is little in it of the brutal."

"It is worse than brutal," I muttered. "It will make a scandal which will nearly kill the wife of the Ambassador, to say nothing of its effect on him. Why, the whole swindled country will rise, and you know how they do it. There will be mass meetings called at every cross-roads, with petitions for war by each mail. Of course, the matter went immediately to the post-office department?"

"Of course; but don't imagine that the clever rascals were lacking in any particular. The department was prepared. Here is another document."

He handed me a second paper which I seized eagerly. It was also upon the Legation stationery, typewritten, and addressed to the postmaster at New York City. It ran:

Dear Sir: My government having directed me to procure some statistics in reference to the growth of certain fruits and nuts throughout the country, the humidity, climatic requirements for the best results, etc., a series of requests have been sent throughout the States and Territories, and answers will be forwarded to New York, where a bureau has been organized for the purpose of classifying this information. It has been arranged that this matter shall not burden the department, and a special box has been rented, and the mails will be collected by the clerks of this employment. To this extent you are requested to afford us proper facilities. An acknowledgment of this letter may go to the Secretary of the Statistical Bureau, 15—A, Wall Street. Very respectfully, etc.

This second letter was signed by the Ambassador.

"You see," said Conners, observing me. "Now, her ladyship writes another letter, and this time it is to the Postmaster-General. Mark its tone. It is written upon the private paper of the lady herself."

I took the third letter, reading it aloud.

Sir: This is to inform you that certain envious persons have prepared a cruel jest in reference to the ball to be given at the Embassy on the 28th. Some foolish letters, designed to annoy me, will be written and sent to you. I am shocked and grieved, but do not wish to carry the matter to my husband. Trivial as the circumstance is, I have suffered greatly under the information that has come to me, and if such letters arrive, will you kindly suppress them? I am too embarrassed to permit you to even acknowledge this letter, although later, when my nerves are tranquil, I shall take occasion to thank you in person for any consideration you may show me. Until then, I am

Very truly, etc.

"That completes the series," said Conners, "and completes it perfectly. The rascals knew that time was the essence of the contract; and that the money that didn't come by return mail was not likely to come at all. They needed only a week, or ten days at the most. As they have been getting it at the rate of about a dollar a minute ever since the date of the first issue, you can see that they are in reasonably comfortable circumstances by this time."

I regarded the detective with some bewilderment.

"Has the Ambassador been apprised?" I asked.

"Has he?" observed Conners with something of humor in his eyes—the first glimpse I had seen to the credit of his surname. "Why, he has been walking the floor for two days and nights, and her ladyship is in bed. Do not fancy, though, my dear fellow, that, because you are informed, it has become a public matter. On the contrary, only the most reliable officers of the police force have been enlightened, and every influence down here is at work to suppress anything like scandal. The cunning rascals guessed as much, and, of course, that was part of the plot. There is no longer a call for the contents of Box A at the New York post-office, and the scant mail now coming there has been seized, and will be properly disposed of."

I heard him through without comment, and then laughed. The crime had been ludicrously successful.

"There is something back of the laugh," continued Conners. "Think of the poor ladies throughout the country who contributed a crisp bill, five dollars and upward preferred, through a feeling of vanity and an indirect effort to help a political husband! The thieves themselves laughed. But you suggest the gravity of the situation. If the papers get the story in its entirety it might become an issue in a campaign, and our poor Ambassador would pray for the oblivion of an obscure mission to South America."

"How did it come to you?"

"I got it first. I met the Ambassador at the Monaco chess-rooms at Monte Carlo some years ago, and, being younger, made an indiscreet boast of my powers. I gave him proof, by unraveling the mystery of a suicide at the gaming-tables, which he has never forgotten. Being an astute man and knowing the value of such a gift, as we will call it, he kept himself familiar with some of the cases of which you have knowledge, and, upon the happening of this event, he sent me an urgent appeal for aid. You now understand how much he needs it. This is a question away beyond his diplomacy, learned as he is in such matters."

"Can you help him?"

"I hope so, or I should not be here. You know there are few problems which I admit to be beyond me. But for once I am completely in the dark. The trick, despite its shrewdness, is one so obviously within the province of a mere thief that there are a thousand rogues, domestic and foreign, who might conceive it and carry it to consummation; or a master brain might conceive it and a daring rascal, or several daring rascals, might give it execution. It is no common crime, but in the line of common crimes, the difference being merely that of ability. The ranks of all thieves contain a possible Napoleon. This is a case in which, on first blush, the police can really help, particularly the inspectors of the post-office department who know the personality of men likely to be engaged in just such a scheme."

"Have you consulted them?"

"I have consulted the chief inspector whom I saw this afternoon. He is entirely at sea. I have not all the information I desire, so I shall look first to the Ambassador himself, and then to her ladyship, in case she is sufficiently well to see us. I say us, because I design to take you with me."

"This scheme is worthy of the upper grade," I suggested. "Its deal with the diplomatic service has the flavor of a knowledge beyond the ordinary. The whole play is for high stakes, quickly earned."

"The point is a good one, and concurs with my own view," said Conners. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh wisdom."

"Thank you," I observed dryly. "What next?"

"A visit in high society, so you may don your dress-suit. I will give the order for the carriage and await you here."

His Reserve Gave Way and He Covered His Face with His Hands

I left him to go to my room down the corridor. In a short time I had returned, immaculate in my evening clothes.

"You look charming," said Conners. "The carriage is waiting."

I regarded him quizzically.

"I trust you know where we are going?" I laughed. "I cannot guess the particular game we are to run down, but, really, these are queer garbs for hunters. The situation is grave enough for serious business, but here we are, decked out for all the world like a couple of fops going to attend the function of the twenty-eighth."

Conners laughed too.

"I am in search of information, primarily, and I cannot know just yet where we shall find our thieves. We are going to the Ambassador's, and as I always attire myself to fit the company I mean to keep, we are properly garbed. Our presence will not, in consequence, excite remark, and I do not wish it to."

We left the hotel, and a short drive brought us to the Ministerial dwelling. In spite of its imposing size and appearance, I could almost believe that its front betrayed a sheepish appreciation of the dilemma in which the cunning rogues had thrown its occupants. The lights shone dimly through the great plate-glass windows, and the heavy darkness shrouded the portals as though the columns of the entrance were draped in mourning. The lights burned here, also, but they seemed feeble and ineffective.

We gave our cards to the solemn-looking personage who received us. After a period of waiting amid the heavy furniture of the reception chamber, he announced our arrival, and returned to conduct us through the wide hall, and up the stairway at the back to a room where the Ambassador received us.

And disturbed he was. His gaze of inquiry upon me was almost meaningless and he gave me a flabby hand following Conners' introduction; but the latter he welcomed effusively:

"My dear Mr. Conners! I am delighted to see you—but dear me, what a state you find me in! I have had something in the way of a premonition that some time I should be compelled to call upon you. I never thought, however, that it would be in a matter like this. If you can give us any aid at all—if you can save us—I shall never be able to reward you sufficiently."

He really meant it. His flushed features and weary eyes, his disheveled hair and general air of unrest, betrayed his agitation. He was a portly man, representative of his class and station and aristocratic to his fingertips, but now, in his vexation and humiliation, the humblest of the people of this democratic country might have elbowed him without embarrassment. In the face of this unexpected and indescribable situation he was plebeian.

We seated ourselves, while he remained standing. Worn as he evidently was, he could not remain quiet, and he paced the floor restlessly as he spoke. Conners looked at me curiously, evidently guessing the trend of my reflections.

"I think I realize your position," he said quietly.

"Not wholly, I fear," groaned the Ambassador. "This is a peculiarly sensitive country, resentful, after a fashion, of my office and position. The relationship of your states to your general government embarrasses us in a thousand ways, and your governors and congressmen have large powers to make us trouble. There is no one to whom I can directly appeal or explain. This matter will even embarrass your government, and that is its most perplexing feature. It is a matter which I cannot handle myself, and it is a matter which your government can scarcely handle for me. Think of my helplessness! I could make restitution, and I mean to do so. But that is an admission that confesses to something like complicity, and the difficulty is that I cannot disconnect my office from myself. I cannot recognize the offense as in anywise affecting me, officially—and yet what am I to do?"

"Of course I shall not consider the question of restitution," said Conners. "My business is to find some method of aiding you."

"Precisely, my dear friend, but how?"

"I confess it is puzzling," rejoined Conners. "But I must first know the facts, and, when we have found out the criminals, we have a basis from which we can take some definite action. Until then, of course, the case is confusing."

"Alas!" exclaimed the Ambassador, "that is the most embarrassing fact of all. I know the offender."

"That is something indeed," said Conners, betraying no evidence of surprise. "Your agents have worked intelligently and rapidly, it seems. I learned nothing of this from the inspector."

"No; he has been both considerate and wise," replied the Ambassador. "I have reason to be grateful to him."

"He has made no arrest?"

"No, and will not, in the absence of a complaint, and we shall take care that none is made. We can probably control that. It is only the odious publicity to which we object."

"The first point of contact with the thieves," said Conners, "would be the man, or men, who took the mail matter from the post-office. It is scarcely probable that the rascals let themselves come in contact with any of the employees unless by collusion, and that should be run down. The inspector probably has done this, since you know the criminals, but I mentioned it to him and he was reticent. That must necessarily have been one of the clews followed."

"It was," replied the Ambassador. "The mail was invariably called for by a young man who came in a carriage. There seems to have been little concealment there."

"That is strange," observed Conners, and I saw a change in his manner. "The rascals should have known that the weak point in their scheme was here. I should have thought they would have taken every possible precaution to guard it."

"Doubtless," murmured the Ambassador, "if the crime had been an ordinary one, and the criminals ordinary persons, they might have done so: but this was not the case."

"I am more interested than you can guess," said Conners. "Please proceed."

"The mail was secured by a young man of definite appearance. He wore a uniform suggesting an employee of the Legation, but the officers now know that he was disguised. He wore a gray wig and whiskers; but he also wore glasses of unusual brilliancy, and one of the clerks observed a peculiar cast in his right eye. The back of his hand carried a blue scar."

"It would have been so easy to wear a glove," muttered Conners.

"True," and the Ambassador's voice was now strained, "but he could not glove a lisp in his speech. The clerk swears to all this."

"A very striking person this, whom they selected to go for the mail," said Conners. "I think I shall see the inspector again."

"It is useless, upon that account," said the Ambassador. "The young man was traced to this city. He is my son."

His reserve gave way and he covered his face with his hands.

"What do you tell me, sir?" exclaimed Conners, in a peculiar voice.

The Ambassador started quickly, his eyes lighting and the flush deepening upon his cheeks. Then his demeanor changed to his previous attitude of distress.

"Your tone and manner are comforting, my dear friend," he said, "but I am assured by the inspector that there is no doubt about the matter. It was first taken to the secretary of my Legation, and then the news was broken to me."

"Has the young man confessed?"

"I have not had the courage to tax him with my knowledge, as yet."

"I trust her ladyship has not been informed of this?"

Something in the manner of Conners again impressed the Ambassador. He roused himself.

"Not as yet. The first trouble was sufficiently depressing without the odium of this revelation. It will kill her, I fear, as it has nearly killed me."

"I would not be too sure about the young man's guilt, prior to confession," said Conners. "I am exceedingly glad, now, to be in the case. I have not the honor of the young man's acquaintance, but an Ambassador's son is not likely to be involved in such a transaction for any reason that I can now conceive. Even had he hoped to escape detection, he would know the confusion such an act would entail upon you."

"I have thought of all that," said the unhappy man. "But he has gamed unwisely and unluckily. I have learned to distrust him."

"A bad handicap for him," murmured Conners.

"Oh, I would not credit this thing," cried the Ambassador, "but for the evidence disclosed to me by the inspector! It leaves me no hope."

"What has been the conduct of your son to you, regarding this affair?"

"In the light of what I know, that of a master hypocrite. He has been indignant, sympathetic, and subsequently much depressed. I have prayed that it might be remorse and some appreciation of what he has brought upon us all. There is another point, Mr. Conners, scarcely worth mentioning, however, in view of the other testimony: although my allowance to him has been most liberal, he has recently made expenditures of large sums of money. I can conceive of no method by which he could have become possessed of it along usual lines. The officers told me this, but I had learned it already from another source and intended to question my son regarding it."

"Is your son an officer?"

"Not in the army. I have him employed at the Legation, but he has no tendency toward the military, like his brothers. He is reserved and studious, and of an inventive mind. He has the temperament and ability for this very offense. The inspector cited it as an instance of clever villainy and declared that it displayed a high order of ingenuity."

"The inspector seems to have thought of everything," observed Conners. "I should be glad to talk with your son about the matter."

"That is easy. Perhaps it might be well for me to have it over. Do not think, Mr. Conners," he continued with

"Confessed!" He Gasped

dignified emphasis, "that I have been unduly hasty in coming to this conclusion regarding my own son. I have seen too much of the world to be foolishly credulous, and in the presence of the facts I know that some man's son is guilty. The glasses, unmistakable and made in Paris; the lisp, the scar, together with the fact that he was followed to Washington and is in possession of a large sum of money for which I cannot account, are evidences which he cannot overcome. The inspector has made careful investigation and his statement, made with due sympathy and delicacy, has distracted me. I can only believe."

"Let me suggest," said Conners, "that the statement was made to you at a time when you were embarrassed by the matter of the fact itself. You would have been distressed sufficiently if your son's name had not been connected with it. I urge upon you that you send for the young man and let me talk with him."

The Ambassador pushed the button of a bell, and, when answered, gave directions to the messenger.

"I shall not wait," he said, when the clerk had departed. "Discuss the matter with my son as freely as you please. I am going to my wife and shall return in a half hour."

"If you do not find us upon your return, you will hear from us to-morrow," said Conners. "Meantime, I trust that you will suggest nothing of your suspicions to her ladyship."

"You are kind," replied the Ambassador with a faint smile. "I find your words gratifying. I shall say nothing until concealment is no longer possible."

He inclined his head slightly and passed into the hall.

Conners shrugged his shoulders and looked after him.

"This bids fair to be worse than you thought," I said.

"Much worse."

"And proves that high life is not without its limitations. He would be a very wretched man who would change places with the Ambassador to-night."

"Or the Ambassador's son; and the most aspiring housemaid would hesitate about accepting the grief and the position of the Ambassador's wife. You are getting to be truly a philosopher, which is one of the essentials of a really skilled detective."

"I did not know that philosophy was a requisite in such a case. I have fancied that a knowledge of criminals, their habits, haunts and physiognomies, were the chief essentials. Of course, I have seen you do some wonderful things."

"And without your essentials," he laughed. "You have ascribed them to luck, chance, and the peculiar developments of each particular case."

"No," I replied reproachfully. "You must not misunderstand me."

"I do not, my dear fellow. The detection of crime does not differ greatly from the detection of any other fact. A crime is an act committed, and must be discovered by the methods we employ to learn of any other act that is sought to be concealed. To a detective no knowledge is useless."

A young man entered the room. He was pale, of good form and carriage, with a pleasant face. It was slightly marked by a peculiar cast of the right eye, easily seen through a pair of brilliant glasses. Involuntarily I looked at his hands; upon the back of one was a blue scar, plainly discernible.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," he said.

His voice had a perceptible lisp.

For reply Conners introduced himself and me and then continued: "We are here to confer with your father about the difficulty with which you are doubtless familiar."

"Certainly," replied the young man. "I have heard of you, Mr. Conners. My father has often spoken of you, and mentioned your skill as a detective. I am told that you only engage in such matters because of a peculiar ability which you possess and the fact that they afford you adventure. I can understand that it may provide a greater excitement than the hunting of wild beasts in Africa. It is also advantageous to society. If you are able to be of service to us now we shall be very deeply in your debt."

His manner was collected, admirable and engaging. It expressed concern, but evidently the position of his father had inspired him with confidence. He had the air of one who was above the ordinary assaults of fortune.

"I hope to be of assistance," replied Conners. "I met your father some years ago, when I was probably younger than yourself. I am in his debt for a consideration paid me then, which I have not forgotten. This matter is likely to be serious, I fear."

"I quite understand that," replied the young man. "More serious to me, I fancy, than I might care at present to admit."

"How so?" asked Conners carelessly.

The face of the young man underwent a change. He lost his easy appearance.

"I am terribly troubled, Mr. Conners. I presume that to you I should be as frank as to a lawyer or a physician. In aiding my father you will incidently aid me. I am sure of your discretion—and your friend is an officer?"

He looked at me inquiringly.

"You may speak without reserve," said Conners. "My friend is as reliable as myself."

"I understand my father's position fully," said the young man. "This affair is likely to lose him his credit with his government. To me it is a matter of life and death."

Conners looked at him fixedly.

"I am deeply interested," he said. "If I am to be of the smallest service in this matter, I beseech you to speak frankly. Conceal nothing, for even the most insignificant details are sometimes matters of importance."

The young man hesitated for an instant and then drew off his glasses which he wiped nervously with his handkerchief. The defect in his eye became more apparent, but it did not wholly mar his features or detract from his pleasing and attractive expression.

"I am devotedly attached to a young lady," he said, "and to lose her would tempt me to suicide. I am unwilling to consider such a thing, especially as we have been engaged. I have never doubted her affection for me, but I am this afternoon in receipt of a letter breaking off our

(Continued on Page 15)

Baby Bullet: The Bubble of Destiny

By Lloyd Osbourne

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Struggling with Baby Bullet for Eight Consecutive Hours

IV

IF MISS SCHELL enjoyed her first tow, imagine her sensations at the second! Sutphen's powerful car sprang ahead with the untamed strength of a locomotive. Its sixty horse-power took no more thought of Baby than if the latter had been a tin can. The little wagon tore behind with a whizzle and a bang that completely outdid its lordly and silent brother, whose only note was the thrilling hum of its four coils. Walls and fields flew past them on either hand. Little Diston spun by like a picture on the cinematograph. Blinded with the wind and dust, suffocated by the burned-out gases of the exhaust, pale and speechless with fear, Miss Schell clung to her seat in a paralyzing ecstasy of joy. The human clay shook with apprehension, but the soul soared and sang.

Essy, clinging to the tiller with both hands, and with her foot resting on the transmission brake, stared unblinkingly in front of her, and concentrated every faculty in keeping Baby Bullet on an even keel. In the mad, headlong rush she was powerless to reach the tooter, for the tiller shook and struggled in her grasp, and a single unlucky stone in the road or the tiniest patch of gravel would have instantly whipped it free.

Occasionally Sutphen slowed down for an unruly horse, or to pass through one of the many hamlets; and once he stopped altogether and got out, to see if all was well with the tow.

"You are doing splendidly," he said, looking up at Essy's flushed and eager face. "So well, in fact, that I couldn't help pressing the pace!"

"It's a perfectly wonderful car!" exclaimed Miss Schell, who had lost her hat, her veil, her neckerchief and most of her hairpins, but whose zest and enthusiasm were still undiminished. "A perfectly wonderful car!"

"It has more power than it knows what to do with," said Sutphen, fondly regarding what he thought was the object of her approval.

"Oh, I meant Baby Bullet," she said. "Didn't it hang on well? Didn't it run with all its little legs? My, but how proud it made me feel that it was mine!"

Alphonse agreed with Miss Schell. He liked this tall, thin Mademoiselle with the steel-blue eyes—and liking her, he was not so ungallant as not to include her car.

"Ze old Despardoux has its points," he said. "It will yet surprise you all. It is not one of those little geem-cracks that sprinkle ze roadway with its component parts. You could throw it over a precipice——"

"That's the second time you've thrown it over a precipice!" saucily interrupted Essy.

Miss Schell writhed under the joke at Baby's expense, and her heart warmed toward the Frenchman. She discovered that he was quite good-looking, and more innately a gentleman than his ex-master.

Sutphen proposed, in his own words, that they should "shift a bit." Shifting a bit meant that he should take Essy up beside him in the big car, while Alphonse steered Baby from the place she vacated. Essy hardly knew about the propriety of this arrangement, and tacitly left the decision to Miss Schell, but that lady, formerly a staunch upholder of the social fabric, was so completely demoralized that she assented without a murmur. The change was accordingly made, and the tow began again.

Essy snuggled into the seat on Sutphen's left. She was tense and nervous with the strain of guiding Baby Bullet in the wake of the big car, and it was a luxury to lean back and feel no longer the least responsibility. Her only concern was a lurking fear of the young man beside her. It would be too bad if his friendliness should become over-friendly. In the intervals of these thoughts she gave little sidelong peeps at her companion, who, apparently conscious of her constraint, absorbed himself in the business of running his car. She noticed several things that had before escaped her. In the first place Sutphen was older than she had originally judged—thirty, or thirty-two or three—the effect of youth being due to a boyish manner, and the fact that he followed the prevailing fashion of being close shaven. Her woman's intuition conjectured him to be unmarried. He had the air that goes with power and money, and the lines that betrayed the hard struggle to obtain them. He belonged to the modern American type of self-made man—the college-bred type—the good-manners-and-plenty-of-brains type.

His ardor for speed had somehow diminished. He was now quite content to poke along at eight or ten miles an hour. He was enjoying the little adventure. He broke the ice by explaining the positive lubrication of his car, and was more than pleased to find a kindred soul who shared his detestation of the splash-feed system. They grew quite chummy in consigning it to the bottomless pit, together with the air-cooled heresy, and the man who invented a semi-pneumatic tire they both had tried. No doubt the day will arrive when the automobile, as a subject, will be talked out, and even its most hardened votary silenced forever. But that day has yet to dawn.

From this high school of automobilism let us turn back to its kindergarten, the Despardoux, and to that three-hour-old fanatic, Miss Christine Schell. The engaging Frenchman, with the patience of a Job and all the grace and vivacity of his incomparable country, was training a virgin mind into the first principles of the four-cycle internal combustion engine. He was loading down Miss Schell with favors to come. His heart was in it, he declared, to make the Despardoux—Baby Bullet—a little car that would be her delight and pride. Baby should go—and go well—and prove to these beefy English that even an extinct French type was superior to all their Wellingtons and Wolseleys! His services should not cost Mademoiselle a penny! He would find his reward in Mademoiselle's regard, and perhaps, as Baby fleetly covered the length of Britain, exciting everywhere the admiration of all beholders—perhaps Mademoiselle would occasionally recollect with goodwill the lineaments of her *dévoué* Alphonse!

Miss Schell informed him warmly that she should do so. The lineaments, besides, were not unpleasing. In that empty gallery of her heart she might well place the image of this amiable Frenchman. Heretofore, she felt, she had misjudged his nation. Perhaps she had been unduly swayed by her disapprobation of Louis XV. One must remember that Lafayette had been a Frenchman.

All about them the tranquil English landscape glowed in the rays of the setting sun. The windows of thatched-roofed cottages, picturesquely bulgy and timbered, shone as with eyes of fire. Astonished wayfarers, some of them in smock-frocks as though they had stepped straight out of a novel by Thomas Hardy, stopped and stared open-mouthed at the coupled cars.

"I am afraid we are getting to Axminster," said Sutphen, as the straggling houses grew closer, and street lamps, red pillar post-boxes and sidewalks began to appear. His tone of regret was unaffected.

They drew up before the "Green Dragon," and all descended. Sutphen would have invited them to dinner, for it was now seven, and his own appetite was ravenous; but his companions smilingly refused. While Alphonse scurried off to make arrangements for a tow, the rest of the party crossed the street to a little dairy, where Miss Schell purchased four forlorn buns and a bottle of milk. The cab was to be thus humbly provisioned for the all-night journey ahead. Sutphen was depressed at the inadequacy of these preparations, but only got snubbed for his pains when he tried to add a sausage-roll and some ginger-beer. The threads were snapping that had momentarily bound him to this beautiful and captivating girl. He envied Alphonse from the bottom of his heart.

They crossed the street again. A battered landau, with two horses, was busily ousting the four-cylinder. It hurt Sutphen to see that his own rope was not being used, but that a fresh piece, obviously newly bought, had taken its place for the tow. Bystanders surged all about them, making conversation difficult. He found himself shaking hands through the open window of the landau, and making the most inane farewells. It seemed so stupid merely to wish them good luck and no punctures. His overflowing heart desired to say so much more. Miss Schell thanked him for his kindness in good set terms. Essy said less, but there was a trace of sadness in her brown eyes. He was awfully nice—and hadn't been a bit forward or troublesome! In the circumstances it seemed quite permissible for the poor fellow to squeeze her hand and hold it for a few seconds longer than the conventions allow. She even gave him the ghost of a squeeze back, and felt, oh! so sorry for him.

It was a tender moment for them both. It might have been spun out a little longer had it not been for Alphonse, who tooted loudly and vindictively from Baby Bullet for his late master to stand back. The Frenchman still cherished dark and resentful feelings, and the hoarse tooter gave them voice. The landau driver clicked to his horses; Sutphen sadly unbared his head, and amid a buzz from a hundred excited throats, Baby Bullet started on its second journey into the unknown!

V

A LANDAU is a poor place in which to spend a night. One's original sense of discomfort increases stupendously as the laggard hours merge and multiply. Tempers suffer as well as legs. Harmless remarks develop unsuspected stings. Essy and Miss Schell got into the carriage somewhat tired and disheveled, but otherwise amiable enough. Yet by midnight they could only properly be described as tigers. The trudging pace, Baby Bullet's creaky shuffle, the cramping confinement—all conspired to put their nerves on edge. Essy derided any thought of pursuit, and warmly declared that Miss Schell was running away from a shadow. It would only be a lunatic who wanted to get Baby Bullet back. Why had they not stayed at that comfortable inn, and slept, like respectable people, between sheets?

Miss Schell got even by saying that Essy had flirted with Mr. Sutphen and had placed herself in an ambiguous position by accepting a seat in his car. Essy retorted it was Miss Schell's own arrangement, and besides, she hadn't flirted—and if she had it was surely in better taste than to choose a crazy, football-haired Frenchman! Miss Schell demanded Heaven to bear witness to the innocence of her *tête-à-tête* with Alphonse. Essy said that might be all right, but she had to admit—Miss Schell had—that he had a cast in his eye and a wicked look. Miss Schell heatedly denied both accusations, sneering at Mr. Sutphen's personal appearance, and the way he had roared at poor Alphonse "as he might to a dog!"

"He is a dog," said Essy, goaded beyond endurance. "Anybody's a dog who forgets to fill his gasoline tank. Mr. Sutphen was perfectly right to roar at him. I should have roared myself!"

Toward six o'clock they rolled into Studdingford, having completed the run of twenty-seven miles. Our two heroines sleepily sat up, smiled wanly at each other, and then gazed blankly out of the window. Leadership had never seemed so forbidding to Miss Schell as at that moment. Oh, for a kindly hand to lead and guide! Lo, there it was on the sash—a hairy French hand, ready to do both—and more! The devoted Alphonse, rising supremely to the occasion, was taking everything upon his own shoulders. He chose an inn; he waked it up; he registered his two charges under the unassuming appellation of Brown; he engaged a double-bedded room; he called for hot water in an imperious voice; he fell on his knees and undid two pairs of buttoned boots. Oh, leather-clad son of France, thou of the football hair and wolfish face, angels watched thee with approval, and seraphim rejoiced! Miss Schell submitted to Alphonse with the meekness of a kitten. It's all very well to be self-reliant and assertive—but not at six in the morning! At that unhallowed hour there is something to be said for a man to lean on. Leaning on male creatures (metaphorically, of course) was a new sensation to Miss Schell, and a wonderfully agreeable one. What nice manners he had . . . how generously he had always spoken of Baby Bullet . . . the social position of chauffeurs was undoubtedly anomalous . . . would it be a disgrace to a woman of

refinement, a daughter of a late major in the regular army . . . to . . . to . . . ?

The weary head sank snugly against the pillow. The weary eyes closed.

On the outside of the door, pinned to a panel, was a smudgy notice that held a succession of chambermaids at bay.

The Miss Browns are not to be disturbed on no account.

Toward three o'clock the two ladies began to return to life. At three-fifteen Miss Schell groped for her watch and exclaimed: "Oh, Essy, just think what time it is!" At three-thirty Essy said: "Christine, you are going to sleep all over again!" At three-thirty-five Miss Schell wondered whether there was such a thing as a bathroom in the hotel. At three-forty Essy said that there probably wasn't! At three-forty-two Miss Schell remarked that the only detestable part of automobiling was the dirt of it. At three-forty-seven Essy said: "You very soon get used to it!" At three-fifty Miss Schell wanted to know what they would have done without that dear Alphonse? At three-fifty-four Essy said she couldn't think, and began to search for her stockings. At four there was a knock at the door, and a chambermaid, through two inches of British oak, informed them that the "shaffour" sent word that the motor-car was ready for them downstairs!

They rushed to the window, and saw—yes, positively—Baby Bullet guzzle-guzzling under its own power, and terrorizing the whole courtyard with its frantic evolutions! It floundered and gasped and spluttered like some huge, clumsy fish endeavoring to escape capture, backing into ash-barrels, savagely rushing up to walls as though to hammer right through them, skinning past excited hostlers, and generally comporting itself in the blustering, bullying, high-handed manner of a car that wishes to give all the trouble it can. Alphonse, serene and masterful at the tiller, was putting Baby through its paces, occasionally getting out to feel for a hot bearing, or to give a twist to the air mixture, or to test the radiator tubes with his hand. He was enjoying to the full the sensation he was making, and was not above inventing imaginary troubles in order to hold the stage and enhance the splendid spectacle.

Miss Schell gazed at Baby with rapture. It was moving! Essy, it was actually moving, with its owny-tonty little engine!

"It's about time," said Essy, who was equally delighted, and even more surprised, but who, as a practical automobilist, felt it necessary to show a certain calm. "All bubbles are supposed to, you know!"

"But that horrid Mr. Sutphen——"

"He wasn't a bit horrid! How can you say such a thing?"

"But whenever he looked at Baby Bullet he always smiled so contemptuously!"

"How do you know it wasn't pity?"

Pity! Of all the stinging words to apply in regard to that gasoline darling, choo-chooing below to the admiration of all beholders, and prancing and cavorting with the robustness that comes of a rich, fat spark, exactly timed! In her elation and pride, Miss Schell put the subject by with a toss of her head.

Alphonse received them below with enthusiasm. "Were ze ladies satisfied with Baby's magnificent performance? Was it not a fine little car, after all? in spite of its seven years! Let them get out on the road, and he would show them what a Despardoux would do!" The Frenchman's eyes were hollow from want of sleep. He was tired to exhaustion. He had been continuously struggling with Baby Bullet for eight consecutive hours, and this after a night when he had not once closed his eyes. But give the expert a machine-shop, and a car that won't go, and he will work till he drops.

"And what do ze ladies propose now?"

Miss Schell proposed tea, and invited Alphonse to join them on the upper porch of the hotel. The hero was petted and made much of. He was encouraged to talk. He was encouraged to make away with vast quantities of sandwich and jam. He did both simultaneously!

Essy interrupted to ask what he had found wrong with Baby Bullet.

"Oh, nosing to speak of!" he said. "The cylinder heads were badly packed, and bits of packing would become incandescent and cause premature explosions. Then ze commutator didn't break quick enough and had, besides, a tendency to gradually advance ze spark. And the wiring was all wrong, and one of ze batteries had a dead cell, and the rest only showed four-five with the ammeter. Zen there was a troublesome back pressure in ze compound cylinder, with heat and explosions. Graphite had hardened in some of ze oil-tubes, causing faulty lubrication and overheating. And ze carbureter was vairy gummy, the needle-valve faulty, the pump bearings badly worn, ze valves needed regrinding, one of ze radiator tubes had to be replaced—and zen, of course, zere was ze transmission!"

"Well, what about the transmission?" demanded Essy.

Alphonse bolted an entire sandwich, and then regarded her solemnly.

"Some day, when I have plenty of time," he said, "I will tell Mademoiselle all about that transmission! Do we not lay a kindly handkerchief on ze face of ze corpse? Well, let us treat Baby's transmission with an equal respect."

Miss Schell looked intensely depressed. The innuendo crushed her to the ground. This reference to mysterious inward troubles in Baby Bullet was terrifying. Alphonse noticed her woebegone expression, and flew to relieve it.

"Oh, but a fine car!" he protested. "A magnificent car, with a superb margin of structural safety. There are many cars of to-day for which I would not dream of exchanging ze little Despardoux!"

Behold them a little later skimming merrily along, Essy steering, Alphonse dozing on his precarious front seat, Miss Schell with her hands crossed primly in her lap, the very picture of content. They had made a common sacrifice of their two dress-suit cases; and Alphonse, not to be outdone either, had included his own valise. Baby Bullet's baskets now held all their belongings, greatly to the relief of their knees and feet.

It was Miss Schell's automobile honeymoon, and Baby, perhaps conscious that a first impression is everything, put its best foot foremost, and never missed an explosion. In after days this astonishing ride was recalled with amazement. How did Baby do it? What unseen hand had averted fifty-five different and assorted kinds of trouble? In three hours and eighteen minutes Baby had accomplished eighty-two miles. It seemed ready for eighty-two miles more when the fall of night determined them to stop over at a little town that opportunely presented itself. Baby rolled blithely into the courtyard of the Lord Nelson, and took a position alongside a big, familiar-looking car. Yes, very familiar! And there, beside the upraised hood, and fastidiously wiping off his cylinders with a handful of cotton-waste, was Mr. Mortimer Sutphen himself!

How Did Baby Do It?

"But I Wanted You to Know That I, Too, Had Suffered!"

VI

THEY all had supper together in the deserted coffee-room—or, at least, the Baby Bullets had, while Sutphen drank a Scotch and soda and looked on. Sutphen had rather taken his welcome for granted. His perceptions were dulled by his having no eyes for any one save Essy. She had been unmistakably glad to see him, and that, to Sutphen, seemed invitation enough. He did two very stupid things at that supper, which were afterward to be counted very seriously against him. He patronized Baby Bullet, and was ill-advised enough to find entertainment in the recital of Baby's troubles. His second blunder was his attitude toward the Frenchman.

Alphonse was one of the most jealous creatures alive; and not only that, he was, besides, less than thin-skinned. He had, in fact, no skin at all. Here was the most charming adventure of his life threatened by the intrusion of a lordly being, who gazed at him as though he were air, and insulted him by a few perfunctory remarks that were obviously the outcome of mere politeness. The courtesy of the great is often more chilling than their anger. Sutphen, all unknown to himself, was oppressing the unfortunate Frenchman with an intolerable atmosphere of caste.

After supper they stood in the doorway of the stuffy coffee-room, enjoying the warm summer air, and hardly knowing how to separate. Sutphen proposed a stroll, which was acidly negatived by Miss Schell. Essy, however, took him at his word, and recklessly volunteered to go. Miss Schell in vain pinched her arm, and did other painful telegraphing of the same nature, but Essy was not to be thwarted.

"I'm afraid you're a very, very stupid man, Mr. Sutphen," she said, as they sauntered at random.

"You haven't taken long to find it out," he returned. "I've been trying to hide it, but it doesn't seem much use, does it?"

"If you want to play in our yard you must make yourself agreeable to Miss Schell!"

"I thought I had!"

"And say what you did about Baby Bullet? I held my breath, I was so scared! She'll never forgive you."

"'Pon my soul—truly now—I never meant for a moment——"

"You don't know how badly it comes from a crack, new four-cylinder to slam its little brother. And you slammed Baby all around the block!"

(Continued on Page 16)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Home is where the start is.

¶ The wages of laziness is debt.

¶ All things come to him who waits—and tips.

¶ He is a wise holder who knows his own policy.

¶ An honestly let contract is one of the noblest works of man.

¶ Credit is a valuable acquaintance but a treacherous friend.

¶ The man who says he thinks too often says it before he thinks.

¶ Don't-worry clubs are not making much progress in Russia.

¶ The returning trunk from the summer resort is seldom robbed.

¶ Fame has a good laugh when a rich man buys an edition de luxe of his own eulogy.

¶ Irrigation is being carried to extremes when there is a leak in the Agricultural Department.

¶ Diogenes needed a lantern to find an honest man. In these days he could see the whitewash a mile off.

¶ Inquisitive persons out West are trying to find where all the flies go to. Why not look in the stores that never advertise?

¶ Good-morning! Have you been arrested for speeding your automobile? Has Mr. Carnegie given you a pension? Has President Roosevelt appointed you a member of his cabinet? Have you been cured of anything? Or—are you only an ordinary person unknown to fame and the society personal?

¶ In picturing to the school-teachers of the United States the dangers of great wealth President Roosevelt found a sympathetic audience. Some of them, who get as much as three hundred a year, will, by heroic philanthropy, be able to live up to Mr. Carnegie's dictum that it is a disgrace to die rich.

The Alexanders of the Future

IT MAY be that the German Emperor's recent private speech to his officers on the "Yellow Peril" was not correctly reported. But he has been credited with so many speeches on that subject that there can be no doubt of his sharing the views of a large number of "statesmen" both in Europe and here. The Japanese are to teach the Chinese to fight; then "Jap" and "Chink" are to conquer the world.

This suggests, as a new definition of statesmen, one whose intellectuals play freely and gloriously about the never-to-be. As a device for distracting the peoples of various nations from close and corrective attention to house problems, to the coalition between statesmen and grafters aristocratic or plutocratic, the "Yellow Peril" has merits. But as a proposition for the serious consideration of a sane and patriotic mind the "Yellow Peril" has no merits whatever.

The world is to be conquered—there's no doubt about that. But not by "Chink" or "Jap" or any man with a gun, whether yellow, black or red or white. The triumvirate that is to conquer and administer it is Intelligence, Democracy and Industry. Ignoramuses, real and reputed, "gentlemen" and "ladies" with aristocratic yearnings, and parasites of every kind, should take note and warning.

The Boisterous American Child

IT IS true that the American child is the most boisterous in the world, and the least regardful of the peaceful conversation of its elders; but somewhat too much has been made of the fact. The comparison frequently made with English children does not impress one much. The young Briton's submission is the result of nursery-governess, "preparatory" school, public school and university. From childhood to maturity, his main life is outside of what we know as the family circle, and in an atmosphere the very breath of which is submission to authority. The conformity to tradition in thought and conduct, which goes so far toward making English society dull, is largely the result of the national attitude toward the child in the home—or, rather, out of it.

The comparison with the Japanese is vastly more interesting, for here the effacement of child before parent seems to be the result, not of estrangement or indifference, but of an intimate reverence that has many of the attributes of a religious sentiment. But as yet it is too early to judge fully of the virtues of Japanese family life. That it produces the highest type of discipline and devotion is manifest; but what of its result on the development of variety and intensity of character? We shall know better when the Japanese have had time to show whether they are as able to contribute as individuals to the world's civilization as they are as a nation to make use of what others have developed.

Meantime, the freedom of American family life, so often obnoxious to the stranger, has this virtue, that it gives full scope to the development of each individual under the eyes of his parent, and in collision with brothers and sisters and the children on the street. The American parent has his child dinned into him, but he knows him, and, if he is wise, checks his development, or aids it, sympathetically and wisely. It is good to bear in mind the prejudices and the nerves of one's neighbors; and it is better to make sure that freedom of development in the individual is always limited by due regard to society and the state. But it would be a bad bargain if we were to gain outward conformity at the expense of inward force.

American Looters

ONCE more the rich Americans have been on the other side loading up with authentic pictures, tapestries, statuary, furniture, vases, armor, medals, and all the rest of it. They are putting down good stiff prices, and they will presently be displaying in their palaces the results of what they like to call their "generous efforts to develop the artistic sense of America."

They know nothing personally about this stuff, but they think they do. They have learned a lot of jargon from the "experts" in the European art-centres, and they repeat this so glibly that they fool themselves, as well as their toadies and other associates.

And the great truth that the beginning of a love of the beautiful is absolute indifference to "authenticity" and "antiquity" remains unimpaired.

A Taboo on the College Girl

A COLLEGE girl, exasperated by the comments of the community in which she went to live after graduating, made a few remarks the other day which probably voice the minds of her kind everywhere. She was accused, she said, of never forgetting the peculiarity of her education, whereas the fact was that it was her friends who were always reminding her of it. If she was light-hearted and given to fun, as she had learned to be in the undergraduate world, she was asked if *that* was all the good her education had done her. If she spoke seriously of serious things, she was rebuked for pedantry. The one accomplishment she had learned in her four years which her friends were capable of appreciating was how to make fudge. She threatened to devote her life to making fudge, though she confessed that her temptation was to devote her life to saying it.

The day has come to raise the taboo on the educated woman. The time was when learning sat heavily upon our sisters. In order to demonstrate the masculine might of her intellect, she gave herself over to the highest of higher mathematics and the most deeply buried Greek roots; and, absorbed in much ground and lofty intellectual tumbling, she became a stranger to normal ways of girls of her age. When she emerged she was likely to be a strange and uncouth creature, versed in unintelligible lore and ignorant of all the amenities of small talk, amusement and gowns. An ordinary man would have as soon thought of making love to an encyclopædia bound in calf. The maker of perverted proverbs was quite justified in objecting that girls would be boys.

It took some years for the college woman to learn that one way for girls to be like boys was for them to have all the fun that was going, and that a better way was to be simply themselves. The young graduate of our anecdote is the prophet of a new generation. The time is coming when the better sort of college woman will be as intelligently simple and unconscious as the better sort of college man, and wisdom will be justified of her children, female as well as male.

Men of Last Resort

SPECIALIZATION has developed a curious, interesting and most admirable class of experts about whom little has been said. There are lawyers who lose almost every case they undertake; there are physicians who are seen only at death-beds; there are commercial men—in railways, in banking, in manufacturing—who take charge of sinking enterprises only, and usually go down with them. These are what may be called "forlorn hope experts." So skilled are they, so capable and entirely trustworthy, that their talents are absorbed in efforts to avert or mitigate catastrophes.

As a rule, it is unfortunate for a man to have his name connected with failure. But the more failures these men are connected with, the greater becomes their fame and repute. "The wreck was so bad," men say, "that even So-and-so could save nothing"—or: "The man must have been in an awful state, for, though Doctor So-and-so was called in, he died."

Of all experts, these companions of calamity are the most valuable. Often, something can be saved. If not, then there is the advantage of knowing the worst—a gloomy but great gain.

The Good Time Coming

OUR ingenious and able railway men are making an interesting campaign of education against public interference with them in the management of those public highways called railways. The arguments they advance are fully as convincing as the arguments against permitting the building of railways used to be, back in the forties and fifties of the last century. But, for some reason or other, men nowadays refuse to be greatly terrified, much less convinced, by demonstrations of the awful consequences of doing things which they feel the time has come for them to do.

The people have decided to resume supervision—real supervision—of their highways. And they will do it. Lying and faking politicians may baffle them for a few years. Dividend-seeking railway magnates may get a little further extension of their present lease to work the railway business each year as if next year was to see the end of the world. But in a short time the people will have their way; and the less they are exasperated by corrupt hindrance, the better it will be for those who own stocks and bonds.

Are We Getting Japanitis?

THE time is coming for some one to tell us the whole truth about the Japanese. Aristides lost caste because people always would call him the Just, and if the mind of the nation is to be kept firmly fixed upon the example of the latest in the family of great nations we must make sure that excessive admiration does not bring in the malady of Japanitis. A recent traveler with an eye for the picturesque and the jocose tells of an innkeeper who gave him a long "song-and-dance" (or the Oriental equivalent therefor) about the purity of a bottle of wine he was serving. The label of the bottle read: "Sauternes, Bordeaux & Co." Our own labels are no more veracious, perhaps; but we do the trick with greater sleight of hand.

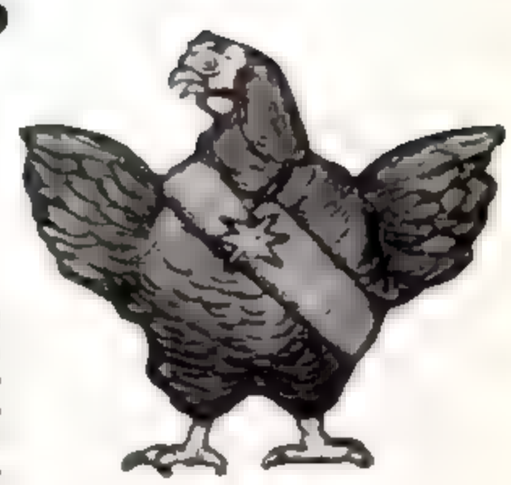
The anecdote, we are inclined to think, is characteristic. According to an American tea-merchant who has done a large business in the Orient for over a quarter of a century, the Chinese trader can be trusted to the last scruple, but the heathen Japanese is past master at all the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain. The Chinaman, he says, moreover, has an imagination for large enterprises, while the Jap is timid and procrastinating.

In the war, it is true, there have been no false labels and petty huckstering. But one swallow is no excuse for duck trousers. In the whole history of the world there has been no period of national advance as rapid, intense and thorough as that through which Japan has passed in the last quarter of a century. It is more than possible that what we have lately seen is only the crest of the wave. The place of the nation in history will depend upon its ability to transmute the present enthusiasm into steady-going and permanent character.

The Franco-German Crisis

By David Graham Phillips

A Story in Frenzied Politics and Higher Journalism



THE latest "crisis" between France and Germany, which really came very near to exploding in a war of France and England upon Germany, is in its inside or actual facts interesting and important to America. In it is revealed a classical case, as the physicians say, of the way the statesmen and newspaper men who dote on old-fashioned "high politics" lead innocent and peaceful peoples into hatreds and wars. It is a perfect forecast of what these statesmen and journalists are going to do, at the earliest opportunity, in their attempt to plunge us into a war with Germany.

Whenever a second-rate, but on the whole well-meaning, politician gets the job of Secretary of State, or Minister of Foreign Affairs, he begins to dream of Richelieu and Bismarck. Whenever a young man, disposed to take himself seriously and to think profoundly upon subjects upon which less painful intellectual effort might result in the shedding of more light, gets a job as foreign correspondent of a considerable newspaper, he begins to imagine himself a great political thinker. And soon he and the statesman dreaming of Bismarck and Richelieu are cheek by jowl. This would be a great deal funnier than it is were not the attempts of these hens to be eagles so fraught with danger.

The Franco-German crisis is the latest case in point.

For about seven years there has been in charge of the French department of foreign affairs a clever, ambitious, shrewd chap, Delcassé by name, with the craze for "high politics" and the pose that causes all devotees of "high politics" to fall down and worship. "A great man," would say the old doddering owls that still infest the diplomatic service of Europe, relics of the day when "high politics" was not laughed at, but regarded with awe. And there would come "A very great man, indeed!" in solemnly admiring echo from all the "heavy-weight" foreign correspondents. M. Delcassé decided that his mission was to restore the "prestige" of France, impaired by the humiliation of the Franco-Prussian War. Incidentally, of course, M. Delcassé was to become "the greatest statesman of modern Europe."

The other French politicians, both in and out of power, were extremely busy with France's domestic affairs—just as we in America are busy about affairs American and give little heed to what a "world statesman" might be cooking up in the way of a miserable mess in our foreign department. Delcassé had a free hand. It would be tedious and useless to relate how he went tipping and whispering about Europe, followed by an admiring gang of newspaper men; how he got all sorts of things for France that France didn't want or would have got anyhow. Let us pass on to his "masterpiece."

As the French own Algiers and the Sahara Desert, France is naturally the country that takes the most interest in Morocco, the land of "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." All the other nations of the earth have been and are perfectly willing that France should have the leading part in the disagreeable task of keeping or getting Morocco in some sort of order. But, under the express terms of the treaty of Madrid, to which all the principal powers of Europe are signatories, all the powers were to bear equal rights in Morocco.

Morocco was the great Delcassé's opportunity—to add Morocco to French soil, to make the Sultan a French vassal. So he went slipping and tipping and whispering about, getting consents from the powers. Spain had no objection—Spain doesn't object to anything nowadays, except possibly decent government at home. Italy had no objection—since she came off with such sore head and hide from her efforts to despoil kinky-headed, fox-hearted King Menelik of Abyssinia she has rather encouraged other powers in struggles with barbarian rulers, in the hope of getting company in her misery. England had no objection—England always grabs at a chance to have a new market opened for her by the blood and treasure of another nation. Germany—M. Delcassé decided not to ask Germany!

Why? Well, to ignore Germany would make the Kaiser and his ministers feel badly, would look to the world as if France really wasn't a bit afraid of Germany any more, would make France look like the leading Continental power. So he ignored Germany, though Germany had large commercial interests in Morocco, though Germany was a signer of the treaty of Madrid, though Germany had, under the solemn international agreement, equal rights with France in Morocco. When our "great statesman" was good and ready he announced that the interested powers had agreed to let France have Morocco.

Our restless, early-rising German friend, the Kaiser, didn't say a word. He simply got aboard a warship, went down to Morocco, shook hands with the Sultan, and hailed him as an independent sovereign, whose independence was dear to the German people. And the Sultan threw out all the Frenchmen.

Here was a how-d'ye-do! The great journalists, with long faces and hearts beating high with hope of that war which is the dream of the international journalist, gathered about M. Delcassé. A great situation, they said, but Delcassé is just the man for it. And you began to read in your daily paper that the prospects of a glorious war in Western Europe were bright, that Frenchmen and Englishmen and Germans would soon be murdering each other, with the Kaiser in full uniform—but at a safe distance from danger—directing on the one side, and the English and French high officers, also in full uniform and also not too near the firing-line, getting medals and promotions, on the other side.

There was a meeting of the ministers composing the French Government—the Council of State. They got all the facts before them, also M. Delcassé. When the Council was over M. Delcassé resigned—that is, he was summarily thrown out of office by his colleagues. An honest and sensible and civilized course, you may perhaps be saying. Not so! All the diplomatic owls, all the "great journalists," with one voice groaned and cried out, "France is vassal to Germany. At the Kaiser's command she had deposed the ablest foreign minister she has had in a generation! If there is not war when the French people find this out, then France is no longer France!"

Well, the French people did find it out. Did they "rise"? Not at all. "That fellow Delcassé seems to have made a mess of things," they said. "This is what comes of letting him indulge his fad for the diplomacy of the dark closet. It's bitter that we've had to seem to be listening to our old enemy, Germany, in getting rid of the man. But what he did was dishonest and unfair, and we could never afford to go to war in defense of a dirty trick. Kings may call it honorable to do that sort of thing, but a republic can't afford to have a royal sense of honor. Our Council of State had done what's right. Germany is sensible enough not to misunderstand it."

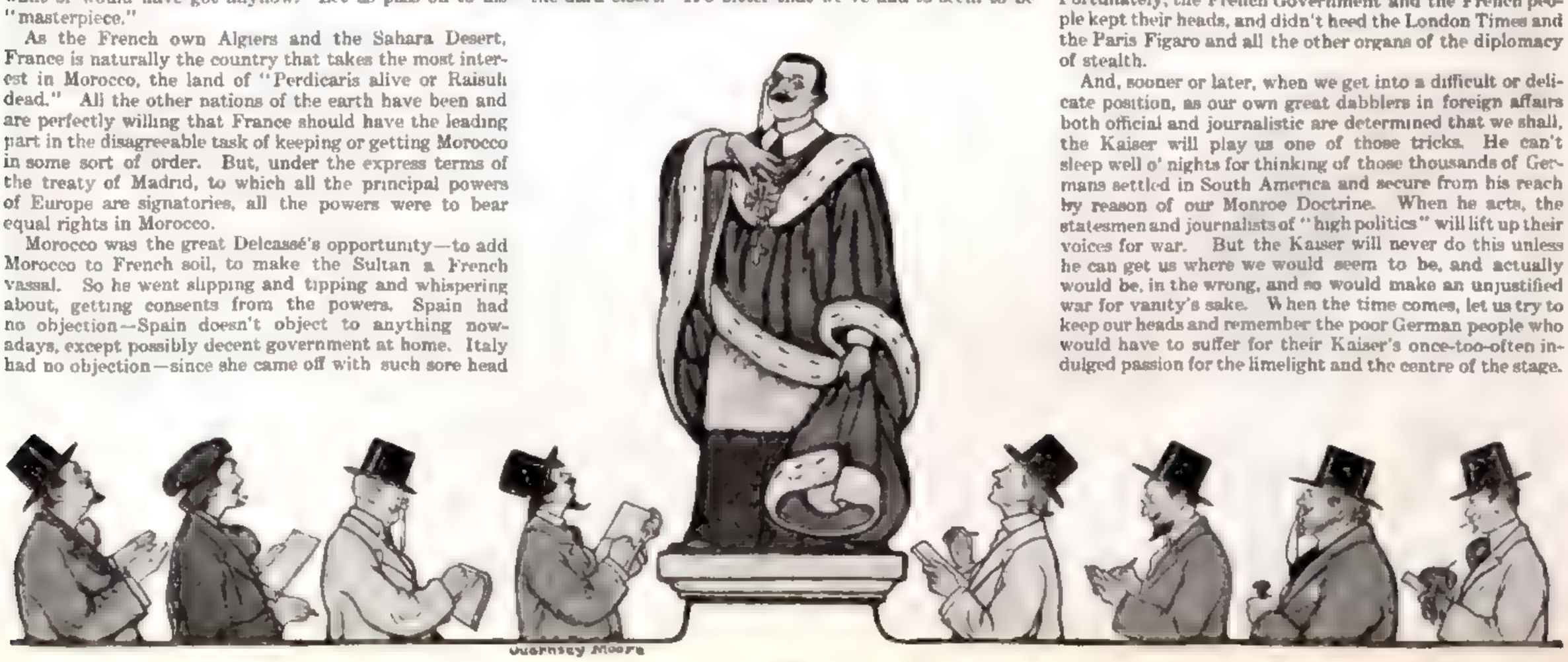
The great journalists simply could not believe their own ears. As for M. Delcassé, waiting at home for the people to come in a body and bear him back to power on the shoulders, he was almost beside himself with disgust and rage. He, the Richelieu of Twentieth Century France, to be kicked out of office for trying to steal grandeur for his country—and the French people tamely submitting! The leading editorials in all the newspapers, pitying the weakness of France and eulogizing the intellect of Delcassé, did not console him. He had lost his job, and the people had shown that they were glad to be rid of him.

Now, suppose that the French Council of State had been composed of the sort of men that journalists call on us to admire. Suppose they had been too proud or too undiscerning of public opinion to realize that there is never a moment when an honorable man or an honorable nation cannot, nay, must not, disavow and utterly repudiate an unauthorized trick of a silly or crooked agent. In those circumstances—and how often do just such circumstances find just such "patriots" at the helm of state!—there would have been a war.

The journalists of "high politics" have spread it far and wide that Germany has humiliated France. In fact, M. Delcassé tried to humiliate France, did scheme to put her in a harmful position; but France, with rare good sense, extricated herself. And the Moroccan question will go on to a powerful conclusion—Germany being perfectly willing to have France lead in controlling Morocco, and asking only that German rights under the treaty of Madrid be respected.

The Kaiser's bumptious and eccentric personality is in large part responsible for the grave turn which the "Moroccan affair" took. If there is a quiet and a noisy way to do a given thing, the Kaiser, crazy about showing off, will always choose the noisy way. He might have dispatched the "Richelieu of the Twentieth Century" with a quiet hint to the other French ministers of what their colleague was doing without their knowledge. But, as his position in European politics has not been as conspicuous of late as he likes, he decided to run the risk of a war by dispatching Delcassé in good old Kaiser Wilhelm fashion. Fortunately, the French Government and the French people kept their heads, and didn't heed the London Times and the Paris Figaro and all the other organs of the diplomacy of stealth.

And, sooner or later, when we get into a difficult or delicate position, as our own great dabblers in foreign affairs both official and journalistic are determined that we shall, the Kaiser will play us one of those tricks. He can't sleep well o' nights for thinking of those thousands of Germans settled in South America and secure from his reach by reason of our Monroe Doctrine. When he acts, the statesmen and journalists of "high politics" will lift up their voices for war. But the Kaiser will never do this unless he can get us where we would seem to be, and actually would be, in the wrong, and so would make an unjustified war for vanity's sake. When the time comes, let us try to keep our heads and remember the poor German people who would have to suffer for their Kaiser's once-too-often indulged passion for the limelight and the centre of the stage.



The Good Gray Poet at Home

By Horace Traubel

His Intimate Talk of Men, Letters and Events

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JUNE 3, 1888.—Harned told W. a story about General Sherman, which started W. into quite a monologue: "Yes, I see he is being mentioned for the Presidency—but he's in no danger—he won't be nominated Have you ever seen Sherman? It is necessary to see him in order to realize the Norse make-up of the man—the hauteur—noble, yet democratic: a hauteur I have always hoped I, too, might possess. Try to picture Sherman—seamy, sinewy, in style—a bit of stern open air made up in the image of a man. The best of Sherman was best in the war, but has not been destroyed in peace—though peace brought with it military reviews, banquets, bouquets, women, flirtations, flattery. I can see Sherman now, at the head of the line, on Pennsylvania Avenue the day the army filed before Lincoln—the silent Sherman riding beyond his aides

"Yes, Sherman is all very well: I respect him. But, after all, Sheridan was the Napoleonic figure of the war—not subjected to the last tests (though I am sure he would have been equal to them), but adequate, it seemed, to whatever duty arose That is where I place Sheridan—among Napoleonic things

"The real military figure of the war, counting the man in, was Grant, whose homely manners, dislike for military fripery—for every form of ostentation, in war and peace—amounted to genius. I was still in Washington while Grant was President I saw a good deal of him about the city He went quite freely everywhere alone I remember one spot in particular where I often crossed him—a little cottage on the outskirts of Washington: he was frequently there—going there often. I learned that an old couple of whom he was very fond lived there. He had met them in Virginia—they received him in a plain, democratic way. I would see him leaning on their windowsill outside: they would be talking together—they seemed to treat him without deference for place—with dignity, courtesy, appreciation.

"This reminds me of a Sumner incident. I knew Sumner. I had spent a good deal of time in the South, off and on. Sumner seemed to know about it—once suggested that I should give him my impressions of Southern life and character. I went to Sumner, but he would not stand for me—not a d——d bit of it. My view of the South was a little bit favorable—this seemed to irritate him: he would not have it so. stormed, stormed, would not yield a point! I have no doubt there is just as much chivalry, consideration, of its own kind, North here as South—in expressing some approbation of the Southern social spirit, I did not intend to accuse Yankeedom. But Sumner would not have the applause on any terms—cast it out of court."

Getting back to Sherman: "He must bear some corporeal resemblance to Tennyson—or what I take to be the Tennyson shape and measure. Tennyson, too, has something of the Norse in him."

JUNE 6, 1888.—Harned's Boswell is still around. W. happened to pick one volume of it up off the floor to-day: "Here is the Boswell. I thought I had given it back to Tom. I notice, by the way, that a good many of the things told by Boswell are contradicted by the notes of annotators, who intimate that this could not possibly have happened, or that, or the other, simply because the man was absent at the time, or dead, or unknown—or for reasons similar.

"Doctor Johnson, it is plain, is not our man: he belongs to a past age: comes to us with the odor, the sound, the taste, the appearance of great libraries, musty books, old manuscripts. My chief complaint against Johnson is that he lacks veracity: lacks the veracity which we have the right to exact from any man—most of all from the writer, the recorder, the poet. Johnson never cared as much to meet men—learn from men—as to drive them down roughshod—to crowd them out—to crush them against the wall. He is a type of the smart man—a ponderous type: of the man who says the first thing that comes—who does anything to score a point—who is not concerned for truth, but to make an impression"

JUNE 8, 1888.—W. has never seen the French bust of Emerson at Concord: "Concord is a great place. I always hold Sanborn, Frank Sanborn, to be a true friend—to stand with those who wish me well. He has always treated me royally when I have been up his way. I believe Sanborn was instrumental in having the Whitman head established at Concord"

W. remarked that he had not yet received any acknowledgment from Griffin of the copy of the Leaves sent to France. He has not read the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence—asked me about it: "I guess I should hunt it up," he said. "Do you think I should read it? Yes? Well, I must do so. How big is it?" He wound up by asking me to bring it down to him.

"I think Burroughs' analysis of Carlyle about the best I have seen," he continued "Carlyle was fed on the pabulum of European libraries; he learned, above all, to love strong individualities—men who would drive on to their ends through whatever obstacles—men gifted with the genius of extrication—men who were not particular how they did things, but very particular to have them done. Carlyle had one failing in common with Thoreau—disdain, contempt for average human beings: for the masses of men: he never could understand that, though man was in some ways a devil of a fellow, he was not all devil, or even chiefly devil. These are some of the points Burroughs has neglected, or not made enough of. But, after all the rest is said, we have yet to say of Carlyle that all that was Carlyle's was naturally his—he came honestly by it."

JUNE 12, 1888.—Alluding to the Emperor Frederick William, W. said: "He is said to be in a still lower condition. He is doomed—bound to die. If I thought praying would be of any avail, I would pray for him. I seem to be greatly interested in him Why is it? Perhaps it's only a whim of mine. Years ago I read something about him—a newspaper paragraph—perhaps not a credited paragraph perhaps without authenticity which reported him as saying, 'Were I Emperor there would be no more war!' Oh, how that has clung to me!—it seemed so good That thing, a few other things similar, had given me great hopes for his emperorship It was not the Emperor, but the man in him, that touched my heart.

"The medical men are making a big fight for him I consider his case and Sheridan's a tribute to science—a proof of what medical science can do—medical science, with power to grab a man at times out of the very clutches of death. It's all owing to the doctor and the woman—Doctor Mackenzie and that wife—that noble, plucky Englishwoman!"

W. was interested in our experiences with him in his indisposition since Saturday. "I am convinced, too, that the shock was there, in spite of Doctor Bucke's fear that we might make too much of it." Again spoke of the drive to Pea Shore Sunday: "Had I stopped on my return that day and got some champagne at the Harneds', I am sure all would have been right. No doubt I got chilled without being conscious of it myself, but the pleasure was very great—very great: my nag stood in the water for fifteen minutes while I looked across the river—saw the sun go down"

W asked me what was my middle initial, which he has never used in writing my name: "You know, Horace, I propose making you, along with Doctor Bucke and Tom here, my literary executor" Asked me my age—then said laughingly "You look surprised Well now you must behave!"

He had drawn up a will to-day in his own hand He gave it to Tom and asked "Will that not do?"

Tom read it and demurred, saying the legal conditions were not all observed.

W., however, asserted: "No court could overthrow that—no one could question it: I'd bet it would hold water anywhere"

To me he said: "First of all, I want to protect Eddy. Eddy must be protected at all hazards. Then I want to have this stuff around here taken care of—in the hands of people who know what to do with it. It would all be lost on my own family—there's not one of them who knows a from b in such things."

JUNE 13, 1888.—W. remarked that he had received several "very pithy notes" from friends—"nothing too much said, just a few words to the point—sympathetic, loving, very precious"—adding: "The modern letter is less elaborate and more like reality. A century ago—oh, not so long ago, even fifty years, in my memory!—letter-writing was itself a profession about which men set much store; not a pastime, an act of a moment, for a direct expression of some necessary fact, then silence; but real work, involving time, quiet, patience. I was never a fulsome correspondent myself—wrote no superfluous letters: wrote very deliberately: often made a draft of my notes. I rarely do that now—very few people do it—except, of course, in official and business circles. I have given you drafts of several of my old letters: you have seen how extra cautious I was: that was long ago. It involved a lot of useless work—made a man a slave: a long letter was half a day's job. I used to sweat over it even in cold weather."

Speaking of the early experiences of Hicks up on the Long Island shore, W. says: "I am convinced that the songs of that Quaker evangelism, the old songs, would to-day be precious, inestimably precious—a suggestion of the old English balladry, if not in themselves so symmetrical—if brought to light, after their long burial, after their disappearance in the historical background."

W. asked me about his two compositors. "I am sorry for them—they must suffer because I am on my back: I feel guilty." He fumbled in his vest pocket and drew forth a silver dollar. "Give this to the proof-taker, Horace: I wish him to have it. He is giving me beautiful proofs—his proofs are clear, dark, on good paper. Why, Osgood used to send out the worst paper he could find—even Rand and Avery's proofs were only indifferently good! Don't give that dollar to the boss—give it to the man."

I picked up from the floor a bit of loose paper on which W. had copied a note about himself from the Nineteenth Century for December, 1882. He saw me do it and asked:

"What's that?"

I told him

"Read it," he said—"read it aloud."

I did so:

"'Magnificent in his war-cry, as in the Song of the Banner at Daybreak, and his note of triumph: The War is completed, the Price is paid, the Title is Settled Beyond Recall. Yet finer still is the Vigil on the Field of Battle—the memories of the hospital tent, with its rows of cots—the vision of the Mother of All gazing desperate on her dead—the reflection on those Camps of Green where friend and foe without hatred sleep, and not any longer provide for outposts, nor word for countersign, nor drummer to beat the morning drum.'"

"That sounds first-rate," said W., when I was through: "it shows that somebody there has assimilated me—has drunk my full cup. So many of the fellows this side complain of the attention I have received in England—look at it with a sort of jealousy or with a sort of contempt Then they say I defer too much to English opinion in my favor. That's all bosh—I defer to nobody—I do my work. That I *recognize* the English good-will is true enough—if I didn't I would be a miserable whelp! There are some people here who not only don't want me, won't have me themselves, but insist that no one else anywhere shall have me. Well—let them dispute that with themselves—settle it with themselves. I have been crying hello over the Atlantic to a few mighty affectionate men and women

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who have been crying hello to me. If that is a crime—well, try it, convict it, sentence it, as a crime—that is all I can say"

JUNE 14, 1888.—W. said: "There was a German band out on the street to-day—not too near: they played a couple of songs—oh, they were very good songs: folk-songs, perhaps: anyway, excellent! I hated to have the band go: it helped my head. I do not think I could have stood it close by. After a drum and fife corps had gone through the street yesterday, I felt as if my head had been thumped with a thousand vicious fists!"

He asked me: "You know about the American Institute poem, don't you?"

"Know about it? Know what? I have read the poem often enough."

"I don't mean that—I mean its history—genesis? I tied up in a string for you these several letters—the correspondence—invitation—my answer—such things—you will find the packet on the table. You have got it? Yes? Yes I meant it for you After All Not To Create Only it was called at the time: Roberts Brothers put it into a booklet: now I use it under another title—Song of the Exposition.

"Did I ever tell you that I knew Garfield in Washington? He had read this poem liked it. When he saw me coming along Pennsylvania Avenue he wouldn't salute me by name, but would raise his right arm and chant that line, 'After all not to create only'; and then laugh, as I did, and Pete, too, when we were out together and met Garfield, as happened several times.

"It rather staggered me at the time to receive the invitation to make this poem: I was everywhere, practically everywhere, disavowed—hated, ridiculed, lampooned, parodied; rejected by the notables everywhere. Then this invitation came. Of course, my inviters were criticised for inviting, I was criticised for being invited—for accepting—all kinds of impolite things were said, mostly for my benefit: I even got a few anonymous letters from people who wanted to tell me 'the plain truth,' as one of them said."

"But the thing went off?"

"Went off all right—yes: was its own kind of success. I've only had a few such occasions to take care of—William told Eldridge, or somebody, that I should have had the poem for the Centennial—that Bayard Taylor was unfit—that no one but Walt Whitman could have proved equal to the exigency: but William found few to take his view of the matter. I do not seem to belong to great show events—I am more like nobody than like somebody, as some funny man says—I was more used to being kicked out than asked in: I always went to the big pow-wows with the crowd, to look on; not with the nabobs, to perform."

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of selections made by the editors from the diary of Horace Traubel, one of Walt Whitman's literary executors and intimate friends.

Patrick Sarsfield, Diplomat

(Continued from Page 5)

"That bye—the jaynius he is! Ye have heard me spake iv Micky Dyle? Micky was wan iv me airly mistakes. I'd ought niver thrusted him, but I was young to the game iv politics and, bechune you and me, I thrusted him wid wan or two t'ings I shud have carried t'rough be me lone. Ivery year or two he gits mad at me whin I'm houldin' him down fur the good of the warrud. Thin he goes on a dhrunk, and talks. Well, yesterdah was a Sundah, and me worrukin' hard. Pathrick was comin' back from high mass wid Mrs. Flynn past Dyle's, whin what does he hear but Micky preparin' to go out and git an audience to inthroduce to me villainy—half dhrunk, iv course. Me young gossoon knows it wud not do fur Micky to be heard, nor to appear at me house talkin' befure th' other lads. So he sthips in. 'Micky,' he says, 'wud ye be takin' me to the counthry the day?' Now, Micky likes nawthin' so well as the counthry, and Pathrick hates nawthin' so much, especially on a Sundah. So off they goes, furrst on the thrain, and then walkin' miles—ye shud see the bblisters on the bye's feet! Kin ye see it, Robert Immit? Micky lukin' fur the last roses iv summer, brathin' bloody murther agin me in the paceful counthry air? Whin they come back, Micky was sober and crass as too sthicks, and the bye dead bate.

"'Well,' I says to Sarsfield, 'I forgive ye Hugh O'Neill, he's the foine bye entirely.' Says he, kind iv anxious 'Ye don't be moindin' Hugh, Mr. Flaherty? Ye are glad he come?' 'Sure I am,' says I, 'where shud your own brother come but to me?' Well, at that his face tuk on a light, and I felt fair ashamed that I'd let the lad see there was annythin' but welcome in me haart fur that omadhaun Hugh And thin—what moight ye be lukin' at?"

Osborne pointed silently: Flaherty spun around to see Patrick enter with a little girl all startled eyes and curly hair.

"'Tis Sheelah," said Patrick in a loud voice; "the handiest little gurrul that iver washed a dish or swep' a flure. Niver bruk a dish in her life, and sews that good! She's kep' me and Hugh washed and claned entoirely. I was thinkin' she cud help Kathleen——"

He stopped amid dead silence. Osborne was looking gently at the little girl, Flaherty was gazing straight in front of him with a dazed expression, and Kathleen was eying Patrick coldly.

"'Tis natural ye shud do the best ye kin fur yer family, Sarsfield," she said; "but I'll thank ye to make no plans fur me."

"S-sh, Kathleen!" said Osborne.

"Indade, Misther Robert," sniffed Kathleen, "I hope me mind is me own still!"

Tears gathered in Sheelah's eyes.

"Ye said they'd be good to me," she wailed to Patrick; "and so I stayed widout you and Hugh."

Osborne held out his arms to her,

"There, there, mavourneen!" he said. "Kathleen only means you are not to wash dishes. Now then, Flaherty, speak to the child. Speak to Sheelah. That is my mother's name," he said to the little girl, "and I have a sister Sheelah not much larger than you."

"Will I be playin' wid her some day?" asked Sheelah. "Pathrick said if I lived wid Mr. Flaherty I'd be havin' time to play and wuddn't be worrukin' always afther school, he did so."

Flaherty looked at Sheelah and his exasperated glance softened. He held out his hand to her and she promptly deserted Osborne.

"Pathrick says ye do be havin' two pairs iv stairs to yer house," she said; "and that on Sundah ye buy him candy. He says Mrs. Flynn wud give me yer socks to darn."

Flaherty passed his fingers over her tangled curls.

"If Pathrick kin fix it wid Mrs. Flynn, aroon," he said Then, as he caught Patrick's satisfied expression, he added sharply. "Ye'll oblige me be not lukin' as if ye'd just married off the last iv a large family iv daughters. And wud ye plaze give an account iv yerself?"

"Wud ye be countin' up yer family fur us?" asked Kathleen. "Is this all?"

"Now, thin, Kathleen," said Flaherty, "does it sthand to raison the bye cud be supportin' more than t'ree? They'd iv turned up befure. We'll asshume this is the ind, if ye plaze. Flesh and blood cud sthand no more. Sarsfield, what have ye to say fur this furder lyin' iv yours?"

"Sure, she had to be wid me sometime," said Patrick hesitatingly. "I had to purvide fur ari t'ree iv us. I'd ought to have brung Sheelah furrst, fur she's older nor Hugh. But I t'ought if ye wance got used to Hugh, why, ye'd be fair thankful to see Sheelah——"

He did not understand the laughter of his elders, but he knew that it cleared the atmosphere.

"Well," said Flaherty, when Patrick had taken Sheelah away to "fix it wid Mrs. Flynn," "I niver expected to be a family man, nor to have a family worruked on me this way. Did iver ye see the like iv Pathrick Sarsfield? Cud ye bate it now, the way he sazed his chancet ivery time? Oh, it'll be the proud day fur me whin I make that bye th' alderman iv this warrud! And isn't she the nice little gurrul?"

"I'd have looked out for her if you hadn't," Osborne said; "Sarsfield deserves help."

"Well," said Flaherty cheerfully, as he locked the till, "I guess—git to the dure, Robert Immit; I'm fur turnin' off the lights—I guess I kin take care iv me own, byes and gurrul, too."

If Patrick had been inclined to jealousy, he might have resented the direct manner in which, during the next fortnight, Sheelah found her way into Flaherty's affections. She ministered to his comfort by helping Patrick avert the misfortunes of Hugh. Moreover, when Flaherty wanted Hugh to recite or sing, she instinctively knew what selections would suit his mood. And, above all, she was demonstrative. When Flaherty was in the house she clung to his arm or perched on his knees till Mrs. Flynn sent her to bed. Mrs. Flynn complained of her as a little gadabout, never coming home after school, but playing somewhere till it was time to go to the restaurant. Flaherty supposed it was the old woman's scolding which sometimes made the child look so serious. He gave her time and attention which he had never given even to Patrick.

"I misthrust she's too sad fur a little wan," he said to Osborne; "there does be tears on her lashes at times. She's seen overmuch sorrow, God help us. She's late the night," he added anxiously.

It was a cold November evening. The restaurant was almost empty of customers. Osborne was lighting his first cigar, and wondering how long it would be before he could take his after-dinner cigar in company with the dearest woman in his world Kathleen was sitting at a table, dining with Hugh and Patrick. Flaherty peered again through the steaming windows.

"Here she comes," he said briskly. "But, be the powers, she's got the tail ind iv a kindergarten wid her!"

Sheelah entered timidly, leading by each hand a chubby human bundle. Her face, rosy, tearful and yet determined, made Flaherty think of "Erin, the tears and the smile in thine eyes." She solemnly unwrapped her bundles, and displayed a boy and a girl perhaps five years old.

"Thim's the twins," she said to Flaherty: "Wolfe Tone and Oonah. Pathrick said whin the time kim to show thim we'd say they counted fur wan. But I don't want thim to go fur less nor two."

"Oh, Sheelah, Sheelah!" cried Patrick in anguish. "Why cuddn't ye wait till Micky Dyle bruk out agin? 'Twud have come soon."

Sheelah patted her twins in a motherly way as she replied:

"The ould lady won't have thim anny more. She says they howl somethin' fearful in the night whin they wake up wantin' me. They've slep' one aich side iv me since mudder died," she added simply.

Patrick had come forward and was standing by the children with Sheelah. Hugh O'Neill was stolidly eating. Kathleen had joined Flaherty and Osborne, and all three were looking at Sheelah sympathetically.

"I've missed thim in the night," Sheelah said. "I shtay wid thim afther school, but I wake in the night widout thim, and I think what wud I do if the house over thim tuk fire."

"Well," said Flaherty huskily to Patrick, "what wurruk kin the twins do, hey?"

"Nawthin'," said Patrick seriously. "Sure, they're at the quare age whin they're undher yer fut. But me faather said I was to luk afther thim"

There was a moment's silence, and then Flaherty, somewhat recovered, remarked: "Pathrick Sarsfield, I furgive the lies ye tould if ye swear on the Book how many more ye have concealed."

"This is all," said Patrick; "ain't it, Hugh? Do ye tell, Hugh, how many there is iv us."

"Patty, and Sheelah, and me, and Wolfe Tone, and Oonah, and the baby that died," chanted Hugh.

"Yes, Mr. Flaherty, if there was more I'd tell ye, fur I know I cuddn't be sipirated from thim," said Sheelah, kissing Oonah.

Flaherty fingered her hair tenderly. "We'll say nawthin' more iv the lies iv Pathrick," he said. "I'd not parrut wid me daughters and sons. Give me the twins in me arrums here, till they kiss their daddy. Bedad, there's not manny fathers achave five in as manny mont's!"

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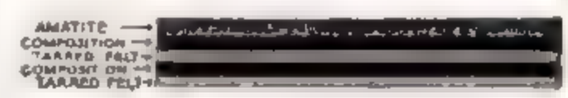

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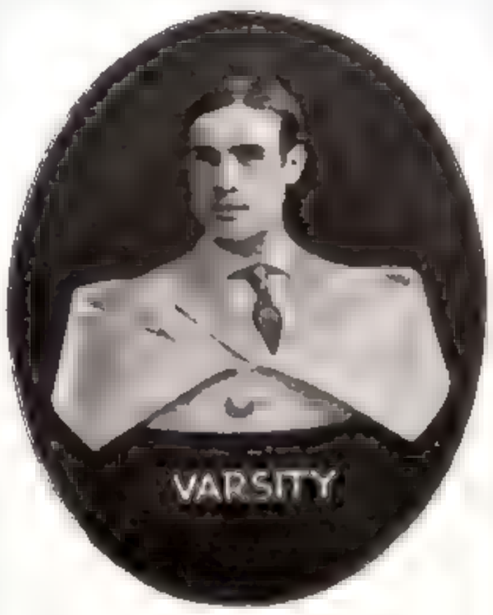

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Baby Bullet: The Bubble of Destiny

(Continued from Page 11)

Sutphen sighed. "I meant it as a kind of jolly," he said

"I don't know that that makes it any better. You've gone and queered yourself forever. You've queered me, too, for liking you. Didn't you notice how hard she tried to prevent me coming out here with you?"

"No!"

"The chauffeur is insulted, too. Why didn't you smooth him down? He's been so good to us; and all through supper he was gritting his teeth with fury!"

"That was the strawberry jam!"

"No, it was *you!* You are irritatingly splendid and prosperous. When you don't notice people they seem to cease to exist—even to themselves! That's what ailed the Frenchman. You gave him one look and wiped him off the slate!"

Sutphen was profoundly depressed.

"I thought I was the life and soul of the party," he declared miserably. "I thought I was whooping it up. I—I had no idea of all that ——! Tell me, you aren't joking, are you?"

"No, indeed, I'm not! Really, Mr. Sutphen, they are offended—both of them. And it's awfully hard on me, you know, because I've taken quite a fancy to you!"

"I'm the child of misfortune," he said. "I'm like the gazelle that always died, you know—or rather, the fellow that owned it, I mean. I thought I was working up to the time when we might join forces, and all go on together!"

"Oh, wouldn't that have been nice!"

"Is it too late now, do you think?"

"Oh, yes! This is our good-by walk You are going to be cut off with a shilling!"

It seemed a dismal prospect His trip had been lonely, for all the pleasure he had got out of it. He was hungry for companionship. This Miss Lockhart was a wonderfully nice girl—no doubt about that—and really extraordinarily attractive. A man's kind of girl; a good fellow; a comrade.

"Isn't it curious," continued Essy, "to walk like this through the streets of a town I don't even know the name of, at the side of a man who is an utter stranger to me! Wouldn't it sound awful at home?"

"Not an *utter* stranger!" returned Sutphen with permissible warmth.

"Very close to it, I'm afraid!"

"They say it's the unexpected that makes the world tolerable!"

They wandered on, following one of the streets till it brought them down to a little river. Here there were boats drawn up on the brink in charge of shabby spectres who would take no denial. If you were rash enough to stop and look at a boat, a shabby spectre forthwith pushed you into it, and shoved you out with a boat-hook before you could say Jack Robinson. The English, for all their reputed slowness and conservatism, have as quick an eye for the main chance as anybody in Connecticut. Neither Essy nor Sutphen had intended to go on the river, but they suddenly found themselves in the middle of it afloat on a charming little skiff—which simply again goes to prove how important it is in life to be able to say no. The warm, dark night, the voices across the water, the shadowy banks, with here and there a lighted house on the very edge or some monster house-boat tucked in snugly against the trees—all these, with their suggestion of the unknown and the unseen, transported them into a fairyland that seemed to have been expressly arranged for their delectation. Sutphen pulled slowly up the nameless river, Essy guiding the skiff with the yoke-lines and listening dreamily to the ripple along the keel.

When at last Sutphen proposed to tie up at a little island—and, with Miss Lockhart's permission, smoke a cigar—Baby Bullet, as a subject of conversation, had completely expired.

"Do you know this is a pretty dangerous situation for two people to be in," said Sutphen, who had moved over to seat himself beside Essy in the stern, and who was now leaning back gazing at the stars through the smoke of his perfecto.

"Why?" she asked. "Isn't the boat big enough, or what?"

"A night like this makes a fellow so confoundedly confidential. There's a moment for indiscretion, I suppose, just as there is one for everything else. A sort of emotional tide in the affairs of men, you know! For two cents I'd tell you the story of my life—and then, of course, lead you on to tell yours!"

"I'm not old enough to have had any story—not much, that is—but I'd like tremendously to hear yours."

"We'll skip thirty-one years and come to last October!" Sutphen paused, chewing the end of his cigar meditatively. "I made an awful ass of myself last October. 'Pon my soul, I don't know why I should be boring you with all this ——"

He paused again. Essy dabbled her hand in the cool water, and thought how rich and deep his voice sounded

"The fact is, I fell in love last October and fell bad!"

"Lots of people have done that," said Essy encouragingly.

"Yes, but it was with the wrong girl, you see," Sutphen went on. "That was the rotten part of it, you know to fall outrageously in love with a girl you despise. I knew a lot about her too much about her, altogether—so much, indeed, that I was on my guard. Heaven only knows what would have become of me if I hadn't. She has the face of an angel, with fluffy Madonna hair, and the kind of eyes that it is dangerous for a man to look into—maddening eyes, you know. She moves in a swell set, and is excessively fashionable, and all that—a regular little social butterfly, with a soul like a shriveled-up pea! A schemer, a grafter a toady, a liar, and absolutely cynical—frankly, humorously cynical. Were she a sort of Becky Sharp, fighting for her own hand, one might make allowances. People—women—have to fight the world with what weapons they can, of course, and who can blame them? But she has position and money, and all that, and doesn't have to. She does it because she likes it—because it is in her. She's as mean and calculating as though her bread and butter depended on it. She fawns on those so-called society leaders, and then flirts with their husbands—winning out double!"

"I don't think I like her," said Essy.

"Neither do I," exclaimed Sutphen. "I hate her right down to her little shoes—and yet the bother of it is that I love her, too. Isn't it a hole for a man to be in—isn't it awful?"

Essy agreed that it was awful.

"That's why I quit, and came to Europe with Benjy Bardeen. I hadn't committed myself, but I was buzzing right into the candle. I suppose my attitude piqued her, and I—I ——! Not that she has a speck of heart—but I suppose it touched her vanity—her vanity is the humanest part of her, you know—and so, taking advantage of a lucid interval, I jumped and ran!"

"And how did she like that?"

"Not particularly, I fancy. You know the kind of man that makes a dead set at every pretty woman that comes in his way—girl-chasers, you know—scalpers—well, she's the counterpart—the man-chaser! She isn't happy till you're dead, and then she takes your scalp and dances off! But I wouldn't stay and be sculpt. It awakened a kind of interest in her. She professes to feel awfully cut up about it—heartbroken, you know—tries to make out that I ——"

"Yes, that's the place for you to stop," said Essy.

"You mustn't think that I'm a conceited idiot," he went on. "The only person she ever really cared about is herself. I know that well enough. I haven't the faintest illusions about her. But, with all my disapproval, the outside of her sweeps me off my feet, for she's the most beautiful and fetching thing you ever saw. There it is, you see. I love and hate her passionately—and what's a poor devil to do?"

"Do you think she would ——?"

"Well, she *might* ——!"

"Hasn't it worn off at all—I mean getting away, and seeing other people?"

"No, it's worse than ever. I have to hold myself back from catching the first outgoing steamer. I can't even pass a cable office without short-circuiting inside!"

For Essy the pleasure of the evening had somehow melted away. She felt unaccountably lonely and sad and out of spirits. It wasn't jealousy of this unknown girl—that would be too preposterous—but rather a bitterness at the cross-purposes of life, the unsuspected sorrows, the profitless twistings and turnings of fate.

Now it's your turn," said Sutphen. "No doubt you have a heartache, too. Everybody has!"

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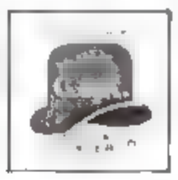

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Essy pondered before answering. She was almost ashamed that she had no romance to confess to, no tangle of unfortunate hearts. But a long pause, she thought, would be suggestive of what she regretted did not exist. It came over her, almost in the light of self-defense, that she must invent something suitable to the occasion. The position otherwise would be too wounding to her self-respect. She must not allow Mr. Sutphen to regard her as a possible consoler. To admit being fancy-free was almost like an invitation.

"Yes, I have loved, too," she said at last. "Desperately, hopelessly, irretrievably!"

Sutphen started. He was unprepared for such an admission. Perhaps he did have some far-away thoughts of consolation that were now rudely disturbed.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed; "who would have thought it! Why, I can't tell you how surprised I am to hear it!"

His surprise was patently not of the agreeable variety.

"Oh, it's too sad for anything!" Essy continued. "I can never marry him, you know—not, at least, till it all rolls away, and his name is cleared. Perhaps that will never come! Perhaps he may end it all, as he has so often threatened, by some rash and terrible deed. He is so despairing, you know, so reckless—and mine is the only hand that has ever been held out to help him!"

She laid it, a very chubby, girlish hand, on the gunwale of the boat. Sutphen gazed at it respectfully. It had a new meaning for him now.

"But I cannot tell you about it," she went on. "You mustn't ask me to. . . . But I wanted you to know that I, too, had suffered!"

She shut her eyes, and in imagination saw this phantom proprietor of her being. He was tall and dark, and astoundingly handsome; lithe, quick and tigerish in his movements—wicked and abandoned, with a price upon his head, and every man's hand against him. In his stern, gloomy and lawless character there existed but a single spark of good—his passionate devotion to herself! The pathos of it all brought the tears to her eyes. Yes, she loved him. Others might call him bad. Others might track him down to kill him. But she loved him—loved him!

"It's too bad," said Sutphen sympathetically. "It's what I call deuced pitiful. You have no idea how it cuts me all up!"

Through the darkness Essy could feel his compassionate eyes resting upon her face.

"Do you know what we two are?" he said mournfully. "We're love's martyrs—that's what we are. Shake on it, little girl, and let us both try to buck up!"

He held out his hand, and Essy shook it.

"I suppose there is nothing else for us to do?" she said.

"We've played and lost," he returned. "We must face up to that, of course. But we can be good to each other, can't we?"

Essy, in a ghost of a voice, admitted that it might be possible.

And to this their broken hearts said: "Amen!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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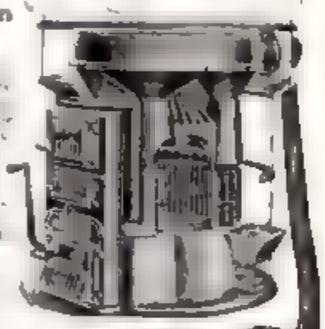

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Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

A BOOK FROM A PRISON—CALEB POWERS, WAITING TRIAL, WRITES HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

¶To have been in jail for five years, to have been thrice convicted of complicity in a much-discussed political murder, to have been once sentenced to be hanged, and now to be awaiting a fourth trial for one's life that is a combination of circumstances calculated to give one something worth while in the way of autobiography. Mr. Caleb Powers is a man to whom all this has happened, and his book about it, which he calls simply My Own Story (*The Bobbs-Merrill Company*), is indeed a curiously interesting human document.

Mr. Powers was Secretary of State for Kentucky and the man in whose assassination he is accused of having had a hand was William Goebel. Technically, of course, he is still to be presumed innocent; many unprejudiced observers declare him actually so, and with them the reader of this narrative will be apt to agree. But, controversy apart, whether Mr. Powers is guilty or the victim of a base political conspiracy, his story is always interesting and sometimes entertaining.

Born in Whitley County, Kentucky, in 1869, the grandson of Jesse Powers who was killed during the Civil War "fighting for the Union," the lad's earliest school-days were passed in a roadside schoolhouse, a mere log-cabin of the sort from which have come many of our best and greatest men. In a manner winningly modest, tender, naïve, he tells us of his struggles there, of the little girl whom first he loved, of his young ambitions and hard work. The debating society was a popular institution in the Kentucky of those days, and Powers played no small part in that of which he was a member. Once he and a young companion maintained the negative against two mountain clergymen on the subject, "Resolved, That the earth is round and the sun is stationary," the three pious deacons who acted as judges declaring at last for the affirmative, though whether upon the merits of the question or the speeches none can say. Powers continues to tell of his hard fight for a college education, of his instruction at West Point, of his struggles as a country lawyer, and then simply, restrainedly but touchingly, of his brief married life and the early death of his wife.

Thereafter one enters upon the controversial phase of his case. As has been said, the reader who gets his first knowledge of the affair from this version of it will be inclined to sympathize with the author. In any event, it is neither contempt of court nor of truth to say that Mr. Powers makes out an excellent case.

—R. W. K.

MYSTERY THAT DOESN'T MYSTIFY—MR. OPPENHEIM SHOWS SOMETHING OF A FALLING-OFF IN HIS NEW STORY.

¶Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim is a young man who has written so well that he is now writing too much. His new novel, The Master Mummer (*Little, Brown & Co.*), shows this painfully, especially to all who read its immediate predecessor, The Mysterious Mr. Sabin, which was so well constructed a mystery-story that its successor moves the reader to an unpleasant comparison.

Yet The Master Mummer starts out well enough. A young novelist goes to a railway station and there falls in with a curious stranger, who points out to him as possible "copy" a girl who, in evident fear and distress, alights from a train in the company of a most unpleasant male companion. This ill-assorted pair are later at the table next to that occupied, in a café, by the novelist and his new acquaintance, and there, too, his new acquaintance shoots the girl's companion and escapes. The novelist and two of his friends speedily become the guardians of the young girl, who turns out to be the granddaughter of a king, whose designing offspring make things lively in their endeavors to kidnap the scion of petty German royalty. As for the mysterious murderer, he is a great French actor who had eloped with the young princess' mother, and so adds fresh complications to a situation already acute enough without his own interference or that of the wife of the murdered man, an old sweetheart of the novelist—not to mention a young automobile agent who very nearly wins the heart of the royal waif before that treasure is acquired by the literary hero of the story.

It is a good enough plot, of course, for Mr. Oppenheim has yet to devise a thoroughly poor one. But he has done work so much better than this that he cannot be easily forgiven for the lesser sort. And, anyhow, a real mystery-story ought surely to remain a mystery until the last chapter.

—R. W. K.

¶**MINOR MENTION**—A BOOK which has been made to meet the present hunger for things Japanese is The Love of Azalea, by Onoto Watanna (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*). The cover bears the national colors of Nippon, every page is stamped with the chrysanthemum; both author and artist carry Japanese names. The characters are like no familiar beings in all the Occident and so may as well be credited to Japan. The story is that of an American missionary and his heathen wife. It opens with crimes and horrors enough to satiate the most ravenous reader in the first dozen pages.

—R. W. K.

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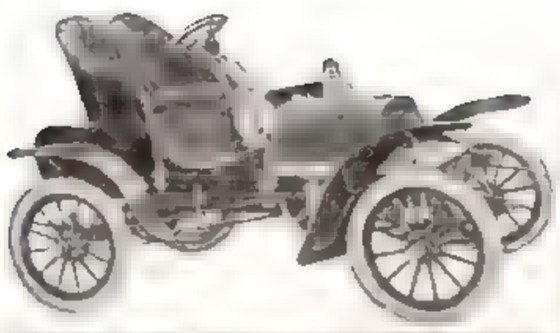

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The Case of the Ambassador

(Continued from Page 9)

engagement. I am a deliberate man. My first impulse, I confess, was to rush to her house and beg the meaning of her words, but my better judgment prevailed. Yet I cannot understand the cause of her action."

Conners nodded and the young man proceeded:

"She loves me—I am sure of that—but she is much sought after, and her people are ambitious. I am a younger son, and although she is rich in her own right, the question of position will count with her parents, whose influence with her is, of course, very great. If my family should be disgraced and my prospects ruined she might never relent. She is a daughter of Mr. Jerome Olmer."

"To what do you ascribe the young lady's conduct?" Conners asked.

"I have not the slightest idea, other than that she may have learned of this cruel business."

"Does she assign no reason in her letter?"

"Her letter was a brief note of two lines: 'Our engagement is at an end. My decision is irrevocable.'"

"The last sentence is suggestive," said Conners. "She did not look for you to submit without a protest."

"Certainly not."

"You think that in some manner she has become informed of the probability of scandal growing out of this matter?" said Conners.

"Exactly, Mr. Conners. Some agent of the authorities has been false. Her regard for me was absolute. I would have staked my life upon it, but I am in a measure helpless at this time, because I cannot discuss the matter with her without calling up the question of this scandal."

"Even though the worst should happen, and your father's embarrassment should be as great as he may fear, still, if she loved you as you believe, she should remain faithful. Some women do."

"She would," returned the young man quickly, "uninfluenced."

"You still hope to win her?"

"Hope! I *must* win her!" cried the young man passionately. "If I do not I shall die."

"The malady is not really fatal," observed Conners, with a trace of something in his voice which, in another, I should have thought bitterness. "My dear friend here, who is a married man, and experienced in such matters, could advise us as to that subject. Could you have a rival?"

"I have not," replied the young man. "I know that she has been eagerly sought, but she has chosen me. Colonel Adrian Vanotti has been a devoted admirer, but he is now wooing her sister."

"Who is he?"

"He is attached to one of the Legations. He is one of the most popular men in Washington."

"Was he ever in favor?"

"He thought so," replied the young man moodily, "but I know he was not."

"You have recently come into possession of an unusual sum of money," said Conners abruptly. "I beg your pardon, but I should like it greatly if you will tell me of it."

The young man looked surprised. He flushed slightly and then hesitated.

"The detail is significant and I trust you will treat it properly," persisted Conners. "It has a bearing upon the very matter we are discussing."

"I do not know why it should," replied the young man, his manner growing suddenly reserved. "The question relates to me only, and is essentially my own business. How you should know of it, or why you should speak of it to me at all, I am at a loss to understand."

"Your father told me of it," said Conners. "All things are important at such a time, and there should be no half confidences."

The young man frowned.

"If the matter is important I have only to confess it," he said. "I received an additional sum of money to-day."

He placed his hand in the inner pocket of his evening-coat and produced a package of bills.

Conners made a motion, apparently half involuntary, and the young man, surprised, gave him the package. The sum was an important one, and Conners ran through the package rapidly.

"Six hundred dollars," he murmured as he returned it, "new, crisp, and of the preferred denomination of five dollars and upward."

The young man gasped.

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"I think you should tell me where you got this money," said Conners. "I will state beforehand that I promise to believe you."

The young man recovered himself slowly and his manner grew reflective.

"I am accustomed to having my word credited," he said. "It is also my habit to keep it. I promised to say nothing of the matter, and this promise involved the whole sum of money I have recently received. That accounts for my indignation at the fact of its discussion."

"I knew that something accounted for it," said Conners; "but since this very money may have been procured by means of the swindle which has been perpetrated in the name of your father, I think your promise is one to be broken."

You would not have me betray a confidence, Mr. Conners?"

"I would like to insist upon one question, at all events. From whom did you get this money? I shall be content with the answer and require no further details from you."

"From Colonel Adrian Vanotti."

Conners drew a long breath. "If you will pardon me, my friends," he said, "I will write a note."

He stepped to a desk, and, seizing a pencil and paper, scribbled a few lines, while I waited with the young man.

I had observed him closely, and my good impression was confirmed by an inspection of him in repose. He was kindly, gentle and polite.

Conners finished his note and came forward, slipping the paper in an envelope which he handed to the young man.

"Will you kindly see that your father gets this without delay?" he said. "I shall hope to meet you again to-morrow."

The young man went with us to the lower floor, and we parted at the door.

"The hour is early," said Conners, as we seated ourselves in the waiting carriage. "We make another call to-night."

"A bold one," I replied, as I sat gasping for breath. "I heard you instruct the coachman to drive to Mr. Olmer's."

Jerome Olmer was one of the great financiers of the country who had lately retired from business and made Washington his place of residence during the winter months. His wife knew the value of money in diplomatic circles, and made acquaintances here which were of social service to the family in many trips abroad. I trembled to think of where our adventure was leading us, but I had every confidence in my companion.

"Do you expect to see Miss Olmer?" I asked

"I scarcely know. She is probably ill, if the Ambassador's son speaks with authority. But women of her class have pride, and she may be sustained by the emotions incident to her breach with him."

The carriage halted at the door of a residence scarcely less imposing than that of the Ambassador. It was blazing with lights. There was no gloom here. We ascended the marble steps and presented our cards to the footman.

"Mr. Olmer," said Conners.

Our appearance was orderly and excited nothing in the man's mind. There was the sound of music in the parlor to the right, and several guests had assembled. We were conducted to a small reception-room in front, through the open doors of which we had a glimpse of a brilliant scene across the hall.

"You said Mr. Olmer?" I remarked, as we waited.

"Miss Olmer may come later," replied Conners.

A small, brisk gentleman entered the room. He was in evening dress and wore side whiskers. He was bald, severe, and had the positive demeanor of a successful man of business. He was to make short work of two intruders whose names were unfamiliar to him. He held our cards in his hand, and regarded us with a look of inquiry. We were standing, and Conners greeted him.

"We are agents of the Ambassador," he said, mentioning the name of his client. "If you will kindly permit us to be seated I can detail our business in a moment. The Ambassador will shortly follow us."

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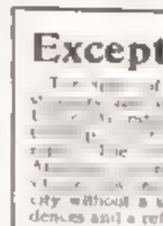

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I heard his statement with surprise and then remembered the note. Mr. Olmer waved us to a sofa, his countenance still one of inquiry, as he took a chair near us.

Conners took from his pocket the papers he had shown me, relating in his short, distinct manner the story with which I had been made familiar. Mr. Olmer heard him with the wonder that such a recital was calculated to excite.

"You are a man of business, Mr. Olmer," said Conners in conclusion, his voice taking on its impressive emphasis. "I see you fully comprehend the importance of what I have said to you. You will learn its relation to yourself in the questions I must ask you, and you will pardon them also. You are aware of the engagement of your daughter to the Ambassador's son?"

The financier nodded; he was speechless.

"Did you know that she had broken it to-day?"

"Bless me, no!" he replied. "This is a serious matter, gentlemen. Of all the impudent schemes ——!"

"So serious that I am sure you will afford us every assistance in your power," said Conners. "In order that you may know its import, and that the Ambassador may know how much you are in a position to serve him, I have requested him to be present at this interview. I think I hear his carriage at the door."

Almost instantly a servant entered with a card. Mr. Olmer looked at Conners and nodded.

"Show him in," he said.

The man disappeared, and in a moment the Ambassador entered.

He had summoned his official demeanor to his aid. He was dignified and self-possessed.

Mr. Olmer greeted him.

"This is an almost inconceivable outrage!" sputtered Olmer.

"I have stated to Mr. Olmer the nature of the case we have under consideration," said Conners. "Believe me, it was necessary. I have had a conversation with your son, and I deemed it imperative that we speak with Miss Olmer, who is his betrothed. We desired your presence to give authority to my request. I trust that Mr. Olmer now understands it."

"It is a delicate matter to discuss with Lucile," said the financier thoughtfully, "particularly in this public manner. Yet unless the scandal is suppressed it is likely to involve us all. It is shameful!"

"It is almost a matter of state," said Conners, "and I have dealt with it as such. I have taken the only means by which it may be detected and hushed up."

"It should be hushed up, surely," said the financier. "I presume my wife should be here?"

"By all means," said Conners.

"Thank you, sir; excuse me." And the little man almost fled from the room.

We waited impatiently through a period in which the Ambassador restlessly paced the floor. Then we turned to greet Mrs. Olmer, who entered the room with her husband. They were accompanied by a daughter, the one, it appeared, to whom the Ambassador's son was, or had been, engaged.

They welcomed the Ambassador, and the financier presented us.

The girl was beautiful, and I could see that she was brave, possessing that dignity and self-possession which wealth and refinement give to a woman. I gazed upon Conners with a feeling of admiration at the way in which he bore himself. His manner was easy and graceful and expressed a perfect confidence.

"Have you been informed, Miss Olmer, of the scandal likely to involve us?" he asked.

"I have been informed by my father of the fact that you wish to see me," she replied. "I do not know how any scandal can involve us, although I have heard something of the matter before."

Conners smiled, and his eyes lighted.

"Under the seal of secrecy?"

"Yes," she replied.

"I had little doubt of it," said Conners. "You will be surprised to learn that some of the money obtained by this swindle has come into the hands of the Ambassador's son through the very person who was your informant."

"You cannot know this without knowing who informed me, sir."

"We know that only the gentleman who is in possession of this money could have told you, or the person of whom he procured it. Only the authorities should have knowledge of the matter, outside the participants. Your informant made the mistake of speaking too early, urged by an undoubted desire to prejudice. You were so induced to break your engagement of marriage. Am I not right?"

"If the statements made to me were true, my action was a proper one."

"We will not doubt it," replied Conners. "But it is safe to assure you that nothing said to you which reflected upon your betrothed was true."

"Upon what authority do you say that?" asked the Ambassador in a deep voice.

Conners looked at him with a smile.

"I will be responsible for all I say," he replied. "I only ask that Miss Olmer will induce herself to be entirely frank with me."

"I beseech her in Heaven's name to do so!" cried the Ambassador, wiping the sweat from his brow.

His stately bearing was gone and he was now the trembling father, unnerved by the strain and the suggestion of hope in the words which had so moved him.

The girl looked at him, and then at Conners.

"I will be frank, and for my own sake," said the girl softly. "If I have been unjust I shall never forgive myself. But I was deeply shocked."

"Of course, my dear child!" exclaimed her father.

"Colonel Vanotti was your informant?" said Conners.

"Yes," she replied. "I would not have listened to him, but I had heard too much before its import came to me. I would have stopped him, but it was then too late. He told me the whole frightful story, and said that he knew the Ambassador's son was guilty. Colonel Vanotti had been a familiar friend, and we all regarded him as the soul of honor."

"My son had some claims," said the Ambassador.

"I had proofs," she replied, addressing him. "Colonel Vanotti showed them to me. He had a letter to the inspector from you, sir, in which you besought him to come to no conclusion regarding your son until you had seen him, and yourself finally passed upon the evidence submitted."

"We have all been at fault by reason of this ingenious matter," said Conners quickly. "How could Colonel Vanotti possibly have obtained such a letter?"

"An inspector's clerk was in his pay, and abstracted the letter from the files long enough to have it exhibited to me. Colonel Vanotti excused the act on the ground of his friendship for our family. I was terribly grieved, but I had no option except to believe such evidence."

"While we may have some reason for gratitude toward the clerk in question," said Conners, "I think, in the public interest, that he should be found other and distant employment. A young man of such tendencies is easily dealt with: unfortunate, but necessary, in matters of diplomacy. I think," he continued, addressing the Ambassador, "that we can interview Colonel Vanotti to-morrow."

"He is here," said Mr. Olmer, "in the parlor."

"Why did you say that?" gasped his wife in horror. "Would you subject us to a scene?"

"I do not object to a scene," said her daughter.

Conners looked at her with his eyes gleaming. I had seen the glance before, turned upon the beautiful figures that lined the walls of his studio.

"In that event," said Conners, drawing a deep breath and standing erect, "let us beg that he be sent for."

Mrs. Olmer looked about her. The majestic person of the Ambassador, with the confident bearing of Conners, reassured her. There were enough men present.

Mr. Olmer stepped to the door and called a servant. He gave a whispered order, and after a moment of waiting, in which I was consumed by excitement and curiosity, the gentleman in question entered the room.

He certainly looked a dangerous rival for any man—tall and dark, with a person and bearing that was worthy of Conners himself, his attire immaculate. His keen glance flashed about the room and a look that crept into his eyes gave instant warning of the fact that he was aroused. Our presence meant something, and the figure of the Ambassador was a declaration. His glance at the girl was almost reproachful.

We said nothing, and as he paused and bowed, Conners, without introduction, addressed him.

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Special offering this month Stoddard County, Missouri, Bonds netting 5½%. Denomination $500. Opinion of Chas. B. Wood, Atty., Chicago, furnished. Life Insurance Companies, Savings Banks, Endowed Universities, and scores of investors have purchased $4,250,000.00 of securities of me and lost not one penny.

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"Colonel Vanotti," he said, "you had occasion to relate to Miss Olmer a certain story which has reference to the Ambassador and his family. She has not betrayed you. She learned the facts from her father, who had them from myself and my companion as agents of the Ambassador. In the common interest of those here involved, you have no possible objection to a word with us relating to the matter, I trust?"

Colonel Vanotti surveyed him coolly. He was calm and confident.

"Certainly not, as you have stated it," he replied. "I do not know you, but in the presence of these friends any statement you may make will have due weight with me. I have said to Miss Olmer how much I regret the matter. I desire to say as much to the Ambassador himself."

"All of which we appreciate," said Conners, "since I am authorized to speak. You are undoubtedly in a position to aid us greatly, as you may understand, when I tell you that the Ambassador's son has confessed his guilt."

The demeanor of Colonel Vanotti changed. He staggered slightly and then glanced quickly about.

"Confessed!" he gasped. "The fact that he—that he had won large sums of money from me lately?"

Vanotti paused, now hesitating and uncertain.

"Never, sir!" cried Conners in a ringing voice. "This is valuable as a part of his story, and by me only suspected; but he has confessed to the commission of the crime."

The effect of his words was electrical. Every listener started as though stung, but the appearance of two was marked. The Ambassador sank back in his chair, his face white and his eyes staring, while Vanotti, pale also, and then red, looked at him in amazement; then he turned his gaze on Conners.

There was no mistaking his emotion. His features were convulsed with a sudden passion and he drew himself erect as though he would spring bodily upon the man who confronted him.

Conners laughed.

"Why should you thus suddenly exhibit anger at such a statement, Colonel Vanotti?" he observed quietly. "Why excite yourself over words which should call for sympathy instead of rage? What have I said to offend you?"

Vanotti did not reply. He struggled desperately to control himself.

Conners again gave vent to his provoking laugh.

"Permit me to aid you in explanation," he continued. "You see in my statement an accusation, and so answer it. It is *you* that have confessed, if confession were needed—for to-morrow would have given us all the proof which the most exacting court would require. But we will not speak further in the presence of these ladies. I think they wish to withdraw. You would do well to sit down, sir."

Vanotti made no reply. With another look about him, he dropped into a seat. The ladies arose instantly, the Ambassador and Mr. Olmer going with them to the door. The girl paused for an instant upon the threshold for a parting glance at Conners. Her eyes fell under his bow, and she vanished with her mother.

When they were gone the Ambassador seated himself, striving to maintain his composure. He left the situation entirely to Conners, who had, with such success, precipitated it.

"Colonel Vanotti," said my friend deliberately, "I will assume the task of protecting you in this matter, for reasons which may be obvious, if you think you can afford to be frank. It is needless for me to say to a man of your intelligence that no influence can intervene to save you from a sacrifice of either your life by way of the pistol, or the best years of it to the cell of a prison. A man of your sensibilities must shudder at the thought of a striped suit, a jeering turnkey and ceaseless labor—I shall not speak of prison fare. Now, you may keep your freedom, whatever character you may carry to some attractive foreign country, and every dollar that you have made out of this scheme if you will tell us in writing the absolute truth regarding it. Do you accept?"

Vanotti thought quickly.

"What assurance can I have of this?" he asked.

"The word of the Ambassador, to be given to you now."

The Ambassador looked toward Conners and nodded.

"I agree," said the Ambassador.

"And I," said Vanotti.

"Very good," said Conners. "Had you confederates?"

"No."

"*You* impersonated the Ambassador's son. You painted the scar upon your hand and the mark at the eye—not a very difficult task, I fancy, to a man of your accomplishments. You also procured glasses such as you knew he was wearing, did you not?"

"And the lithp wath eathy," said Vanotti, looking malevolently at the Ambassador.

"We are not yet on ground safe enough to permit us to indulge in humor," said Conners. "We will devote to-morrow morning to the details of the story. You have lost large sums of money recently to the Ambassador's son; I can understand your further disposition to involve him in this matter. Did you make him a payment to-day?"

"Yes."

"With the new, crisp bills of the denomination of five dollars and upward preferred?"

"The humor is yours," growled Vanotti.

"Pardon me. May we now say good-night?"

Vanotti arose and bowed.

"My respects, gentlemen," he said, as he left the room.

"Conners!" exclaimed the Ambassador, grasping his hand. "I cannot find words to-night. Will you call to-morrow that my wife may thank you?"

"But, see what you have to pay!" laughed Conners.

"I would pay any sum!" cried the Ambassador. "You understand that. This is an absolute escape for me."

Conners smiled as he waved his hand toward me.

"Forgive me, sir," said the Ambassador, coming toward me. "You have my thanks also."

"Don't mention it," said I.

"Can we keep the scandal from the papers?" asked Mr. Olmer.

"Since we can have the postal authorities take charge of the refunding of the money, we can restrict it to a paragraph of little importance," said Conners. "That is not a difficult task, now that Vanotti must be silent. There is no other source of positive information, and, in such matters, the papers insist upon being accurate. It is practically over."

"Thank Heaven!" breathed the Ambassador fervently.

"We will call to-morrow as you request," said Conners as he took my arm. "Good-night."

The Saving Clause

By Edmund Vance Cooke

Kerr wrote a book, and a good book, too;
At least I* managed to read it through
Without finding very much room for blame,
And a good many other folks did the same.
But when any one asked me*: "Have you read?"
Or: "How do you like?" I* only said:
"Very good, very good! and I'm glad enough;
For his other writings are horrible stuff."

Banks wrote a play, and it had a run.
(That's a good deal more than ever I've* done,)
The interest held with hardly a lag
From the overture to the final tag.
But when any one asked me*: "Have you seen?"
Or: "What do you think?" I* looked serene
And remarked, "Oh, a pretty good thing of its kind,
But I guess Mr. Shakespeare needn't mind!"

Phelps made a machine; 'twas smooth as grease.
(I* couldn't invent its smallest piece
In a thousand years.) It was tried and tried,
Until everybody was satisfied.
But when any one asked me*: "Will it pay?"—
"Is it really good?"—I* could only say:
"It's a marvelous thing! Why, it almost thinks!
And Phelps is a wonder—too bad he drinks!"

*(*Errata:* On scanning the verses through
I find these pronouns should all read "You.")

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